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THIS IS NOT THY HOME.—CHAUCER.
'TIS HEAVEN ITSELF
THAT POINTS TO THE HEREAFTER

SOCRATES taught that this life could not end all.



PLATO meditating on Immortality before SOCRATES, the BUTTERFLY, SKULL, and POPPY about 400 B.C.

ADDISON.

FROM DAWN TILL SUNSET.

Use is Life, and he most truly lives
 who uses best.

THE BLACKSMITH'S ARM AND
 THE STATESMAN'S BRAIN.

The most truly Living Body is the most active in decay; the more bodily and mental vigour are displayed, the more quickly do the various tissues melt down into substances which are without delay removed by the excreting organs. *The more the Blacksmith Works His Arms and the Statesman his Brain*, the heavier bulk of carbon, nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen is thrown out by the lungs, liver, skin, and kidneys. Do they then wear them out by this constant friction and drain? No, no—the more the bricks are removed from the old wall, the more new bricks will a good builder put in; and so, provided that the supply is sufficient—that the builder is a good one—the more rapid the drain, the newer and stronger and better the body will become.

The Renewal of Life. The Want of Nutriment is the Cause of Disease.

MILK THE ONLY PERFECT HUMAN BUILDER.

As Milk is the only perfect food, the above facts prove the importance of Milk when *sipped hot*, when you have drawn an overdraft on the bank of life. **HOT MILK** is the only True Food for the prevention of disease, *Influenza, Sleeplessness, &c., &c.* (premature death); in any form of Physical or Mental Strain use Hot Milk and **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'**, as occasion may require, to cause a Natural flow of Healthy Bile (a New Life). By the use of **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'** the Hot Milk will agree, which otherwise might produce biliousness, &c.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' is the best and simplest preparation for regulating the action of the liver that has yet been discovered. It prevents diarrhoea.—It removes effete gouty, rheumatic matter, or any form of poison from the blood. No one should go for a change of air without a supply of this invaluable preparation.

FROM THE LATE REV. J. W. NEIL.—'Holy Trinity Church, North Shields, Nov. 1, 1873.—Dear Sir,—As an illustration of the beneficial effects of your "Fruit Salt," I can have no hesitation in giving you the particulars of the case of one of my friends. His whole life was clouded by the want of vigorous health, and to such an extent did the sluggish action of the liver and its concomitant bilious headache affect him that he was obliged to live upon only a few articles of diet, and to be most sparing in their use. This uncomfortable and involuntary asceticism, whilst it probably alleviated his sufferings, did nothing in effecting a cure, although persevered in for some twenty-five years, and also, to my knowledge, consulting very eminent members of the faculty, frequently even going to town for that purpose. By the use of your simple "FRUIT SALT," however, he now enjoys the vigorous health he so long coveted; he has never had a headache or constipation since he commenced to use it, about six months ago, and can partake of his food in such a hearty manner as to afford, as you may imagine, great satisfaction to himself and friends. There are others known to me to whom your remedy has been so beneficial in various kinds of complaints, that I think you may very well extend its use, both for your own interest and *pro bono publico*. I find myself that it makes a very refreshing and exhilarating drink.—I remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully, J. W. NEIL.—To J. C. ENO, Esq.'

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' contains the valuable saline constituents of ripe fruit, and is absolutely essential to the healthy action of the animal economy. To travellers, emigrants, sailors, or residents in tropical climates it is invaluable. By its use the blood is kept pure, and fevers and epidemics prevented.

IT OUGHT TO BE KEPT IN EVERY BEDROOM IN READINESS FOR ANY EMERGENCY.
ONLY TRUTH CAN GIVE TRUE REPUTATION. ONLY REALITY CAN BE OF REAL PROFIT.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—Sterling Honesty of Purpose. Without it Life is a Sham.

CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see the Capsule is marked **ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'**. Without it you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

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LONGMAN'S MAGAZINE.

MAY 1894.

The Matchmaker.

Human life is nought but error.—SCHILLER.

BY L. B. WALFORD.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

‘WHAT SIGNIFIES A LIE, MORE OR LESS?’

WITHIN an hour, nevertheless, she had agreed to renounce him. Argument, expostulation, and representation had had their due effect, when joined to a consciousness of being in Penelope's power; though, perhaps, it is not too much to say that it was the latter conviction which eventually carried the day.

Be that as it might, the erring Mina was at length reduced to trembling submission, and before the two girls quitted their leafy screen, had promised everything and bowed to every decree.

Once discovered, she had indeed known from the first that resistance must be hopeless; but there had been an instinctive desire to palliate her offence in Penelope's eyes, or at all events to enlist her sympathy.

Penelope had sympathised, but she had condoned nothing, and thereupon Mina had thrown up her arms, and abjectly quailed before every mandate. Penelope's decision had been that on the instant withdrawal of Torquil Macalister from the scene, and on her receiving his solemn word, together with that of her cousin, that all should be unreservedly at an end between them, she

would not betray their secret. Unless these terms were agreed to and rigidly carried out, she would go straight to Lord Carnoustie.

With dejected mien and swimming eyes Mina promised on behalf of her lover. Yes, he would go—for her sake. She would tell him.

‘You will tell him nothing,’ said Penelope, significantly. Then, as her cousin looked surprised, ‘You will never see him—never speak to him again. You will give me a letter,’—Mina started, —‘do not be afraid. I will deliver it myself,’ said Penelope, looking at her steadily. ‘And I will take care that he reads it.’ Then she put her arm round the other’s neck and for the first time pressed a kiss upon her pale cheek.

Penelope was very young—she was now almost happy.

Shall we be doing her an injustice if we suspect that in the rebound of her spirits she experienced a sense of elation which made all the past endurable and all the future possible?

At first, she had been crushed to pieces, absolutely numb beneath the overwhelming responsibility laid upon her, but now—now all was bright again, and all the brightness was due to her. At last she had done something in life worth doing.

We fear this will be incomprehensible to many readers. Hours like those from which my heroine has just emerged are not so lightly forgotten by those over whom the storms of life have passed, and are apt to leave scars which time can but slowly, if ever, efface. But in youth it is so natural to be happy—so frightful to be sad and desponding. The blacker the night of sorrow, the fresher and clearer the dawn of hope and gladness which succeeds.

Thus Penelope knew now no further fears. She kissed and embraced her cousin a hundred times. She vowed that Mina should never hear another word, never behold a look of reproach; she bade her be of good cheer, cast the past behind her, have faith in the future, and consolation in the present.

She would be her poor Mina’s guardian angel; they would be all in all to each other; have no secrets from each other; never more shun each other’s society.

She planned plans; instituted ideas; the whole morning passed away only too rapidly; and at length the position of the sun in the heavens warned them that it was time to return within doors.

It was arranged that Penelope, in place of her cousin, should meet Torquil Macalister on the moor at the trysted hour that evening, and deliver to him the few written words by which he

was to be informed that discovery had taken place, and that upon every consideration he must at once depart from the neighbourhood, to see the writer's face no more.

'It will be dreadful for him,' sighed Mina, the tears again rising. 'You do not think of what it will be to Torquil, Penelope.'

'No, I do not,' said Penelope, shortly.

This was the only time she adopted that tone, now that the compact was sealed; but her indignation and contempt had by this time focussed themselves upon the treacherous Highlander, and the very sound of his name was repugnant to her feelings.

Mina saw that it would not do to go on. It would have yielded her some poor satisfaction to have expatiated on the beauty and ardour of her lover, to have recounted tales of his devotion and prowess, and sighed over the cruelty of fate, which could make all these of no avail against pride of birth—but she caught the beginning of a frown on Penelope's brow, and checked herself.

Penelope was but a child, but she had a lip with which no one would dare to trifle.

And then, Mina could not but own that her cousin had been generous as well as brave. A word from her and the whole house would have been turned into a raging Pandemonium, and finally and for ever into a stifling prison-house. Of what would have been said and done she shuddered to think. She could not dwell on what the hot-blooded Gael might not have been goaded into by lashing scorn, without the dewdrops starting upon her forehead.

From this Penelope had saved her—saved him. Penelope had solemnly promised to shield Torquil and keep his insolent secret—the words were Penelope's, but Mina durst not cavil at them—if Torquil obeyed instructions, and departed without again transgressing.

A question then arose. Could Lord Carnoustie thus suddenly lose one of his most valued and necessary dependants without raising a commotion which might be unfortunate?

'He must go,' said Penelope, decidedly. 'It is for him to put what colour he chooses upon it. I don't suppose he will care what is said behind his back, once he is in another part of Scotland.'

'Of course he will care, Penelope. How is he to live? My father must give him a character——'

'A *character*? Oh, to be sure,' said Penelope, 'I had forgotten. Yes, he will want a *character*,' and she was about to pass some cutting observations, but refrained. It would be unworthy of her

triumph to gall this poor weak creature further. 'He must make up some plausible excuse for leaving,—let him say anything,—what does a lie more or less signify?' she appended, disdainfully. 'He can have a dying parent, or the offer of a better situation, or a hundred things. Anything will do.' She meant to say 'Anything will do for this mean, skulking traitor. He is above nothing, not too honest for any tale of imposture;' but Mina perceived not the satire.

'Papa is so fond of Torquil, that he is sure to make a difficulty,' she said. 'He will be terribly put out as it is; and there will be a still greater fuss unless a very urgent case can be made out. Could you suggest one to him, Penelope? Could you make up a story for him?'

'Not I, indeed.' Penelope's tongue would fain have added, 'I would not touch it with a pair of tongs.'

'He has no parents,' proceeded Mina, thoughtfully.

'What does that matter?'

'How can they be dying when they are not alive? They have been dead many years.'

'You are squeamish. They can be anywhere, and anything. Let them live—in order to die. They can live in Gaelic—and die in English. I warrant Torquil will know how to accomplish this and all other magic arts. Your father does not know anything of his shepherd's family affairs? No? That's all we need, then. Torquil must have a dying parent—we will not stint his choice, he may himself decide upon the sex,—and he must be so overcome with natural anxiety and distress, that he will have betaken himself off to "far Lochaber," or any other "far" spot, by the early boat, before we at the castle are awake and stirring. When he has reached that desired haven, he can write all about his penitence and dutiful affection, and find that he must remain in its vicinity, by the dying parent's express desire, and beg for a character from his dear, kind master. Your father will fume and fret, but he will suspect nothing; and the goodness of his heart will make him put pen to paper forthwith, and despatch such a flaming account of his excellent Torquil's faithful servitude—bah! it makes me sick to think of it! Mina, is it possible you feel no shame——'

'Oh yes—yes, indeed, Penelope,' in terrified haste. 'I know you are very right, dear Penelope, and I have been very wrong; but do pray, dear kind cousin, say no more about it. You can't think how sorry I am——'

'And frightened,' added Penelope to herself.

But she was well pleased that things had taken this turn. During the morning she had seen her cousin, now one thing now another, prostrate, rebellious, justifying her actions, and indulging in bitter recriminations against others, anon relapsing into tenderness and self-pity, until at last she appeared to have gained a mood easier to control; she seemed to have some real desire to hear the last of an ugly scrape.

'We shall do better now,' internally commented the little martinet by her side. 'I shall have to be pretty stiff with her; but now that she is plaintive and piteous, I know where I am. It was not Mina at all when she gave such a rational, circumstantial account of her wrongs. We were both wound up to the pitch of grandiloquence; but neither of us is equal to the effort of maintaining it. There! that is my last, anyhow. Now for Mina and me in our real selves. I have got to take the poor thing in tow,' and then she began to sing.

'How can you sing?' said Mina, looking reproachfully round. 'There is nothing to sing about.'

Neither there was, and Penelope being thus reminded that the other's heart was still sore, though her own was relieved, could not but feel a little confused for the moment. She plucked up spirit, however, and it was on the tip of her tongue to say, 'Why should I not sing? I have done no wrong. I am not afraid of anybody; and if I feel gay again, I have a right to feel gay;' but she refrained. She was learning to forbear.

'I won't sing if it vexes you,' she said, cheerily. 'Only, you see, when I have had a bad time, and come out of it, I always feel sort of happy; I can't help it. And you must know, Mina, that all my life long I have had such a great, great wish to do *something* for *somebody*—something really *worth doing*—and now I can't help feeling that I have done it! Yes, I do, that is the truth. Isn't it horribly vain and egotistical? Of course. Well, anyhow that's *me*—that's what makes me sing. You must trust me, Mina, and let me manage all the rest of this myself. It's going to be managed splendidly. All you have got to do is to let me worry along my own way, and you will see that everything will come right.'

'Oh, yes, I dare say it will, Penelope.' Mina gave a little doleful smile. 'I am sure you are very good and clever, Penelope.'

('I wish she would not *cringe*,' muttered Penelope to herself. 'Of course I am good and clever. I know *that* for myself.')

Aloud, she responded gaily, 'I shall be as true as steel to you, and you must be as true as steel to me. It must be steel meeting steel, instead of Greek meeting Greek. Not a breath of this shall ever pass my lips as long as you keep faith with me; but if—who's that, I wonder?' suddenly catching a view of two figures approaching the front door. 'Mr. Redwood, as I'm a living woman! Mr. Redwood and his friend—the friend who was to arrive last night. Dear me! this is very polite of Mr. Redwood, but it is not particularly lucky for us. We are not much to look at, we two, this morning. And it is us they have come to see, and no one else. You, my dear Mina, have got watery eyes and a glazed nose—that does not intensify your beauty; while I am just about reduced to the level of a ferret. I only took one look in the glass this morning, but that look was sufficient. I saw the most horrible little white and pink face. It is rather hard that Mr. Redwood should choose this morning of all mornings to—let them get inside first, Mina,' holding her back. 'They have not seen us, and we can dart in by the garden door once they are out of sight. And do, for goodness sake, take off that pink dress,' she added suddenly.

'This pink dress! I wore it yesterday for the first time.'

'Give it away. Never let me see you in it again. It would always remind me of what I want to forget!'

'You are right. I understand. But, Penelope, I really have not another ready, and it would seem odd to change for luncheon; we never do, you know.'

'Does that matter?'

'It might be thought——'

'What?'

'That I changed for Mr. Redwood. You know what the idea is about him.'

'Nonsense,' said Penelope, sharply. It gave her a twinge of undefinable annoyance that her cousin should have thought of such a thing. What was Redwood to Mina, and what did it signify whether there were any 'idea' about him or not?

'She can't have every one,' muttered she to herself. 'I believe she will want the friend next, whoever he may be.'

However, she gave in about the frock. It might be awkward if Lady Carnoustie took note that a change had been made, and this was a thing Lady Carnoustie was very likely to do. A mere sentiment was not worth this. She was now thinking of herself. What had she time for? How should she improve her own appearance?

She did improve it, and that involuntarily; for the fugitives were caught point-blank on the staircase, in the very heat of their flight; and Felix Merriman thought he had never seen two pretty girls blush as these two did in his life before.

Felix was a brisk, chatty young man, who knew lots of girls and adored them all. Directly he heard that there were two pretty ones within hail, and that his host was on easy terms with the family, he gave Redwood no peace till he had agreed to walk over to Carnoustie Castle.

Couldn't they go to luncheon? Why should they not go to luncheon?

The luncheon hour was everybody's hour; you were sure of finding people in; and they liked you to come.

Redwood, he vowed, was too formal and serious.

In vain Redwood hinted that formality and seriousness suited some people, notably the people who lived at Carnoustie Castle, and in vain did he endeavour to retard the rapidity of his friend's conclusions; he was obliged to own that he had been spending the whole previous day in company with the family, and that he had been desired to walk over to luncheon any day without invitation.

That acknowledged, all further resistance was useless.

In his own mind he thought it too soon to trespass again upon the hospitality of his recent entertainers, and that his doing so might look as if he had more serious intentions than any which he as yet entertained—but he did not care to discuss the point with Merriman.

Merriman was not an intimate friend—having indeed been selected for an invitation on the present occasion mainly because his acquaintanceship would not warrant an inquisition into Redwood's state of mind. Others, who knew him better, might have expected to be taken into confidence, might have reverted to unpleasant memories, and with tactless goodwill have blundered into uncomfortable quicksands. But Merriman had never been admitted to close quarters; he would do very well to come and shoot at Inverashet and dine at Carnoustie Castle.

He liked big people, and the Carnousties were quite big enough people to satisfy him entirely. Not a word had been said in the notes which had passed between the young men about the neighbours or about the neighbourhood at all, and Redwood had enjoyed the first disappointment occasioned by his casual remark, 'I have only one house to visit at,' followed as it was by the undisguised delight of hearing what that house was.

He felt contemptuously amused, he himself cared so little for grandeur as grandeur, or rank as rank; and had not Lord and Lady Carnoustie and the young ladies exactly happened to suit his mood, when he came across them, he might never have held them of the slightest account.

For Redwood had been accustomed to people of all sorts, and was at home in many a noble mansion. It was not because he had seen so little, but because he had seen so much of the world, that he was the simple mannered man he was. He had grown to hate a great deal that he saw, and the longer he lived the more he desired to live differently from those among whom his time so far had been chiefly passed.

In losing Miss Duberly he had had a lucky escape, but it would have been too much to expect him to see this while still smarting from the indignity of such a wound.

'Your hair is turning grey, Redwood,' Felix Merriman never minced matters.

'Is it?' said Redwood, indifferently.

'Lucky for you, you are out of our beastly place.' The speaker had succeeded to Redwood's post. 'You would have been an old fellow in a few years.'

'I have no objection.'

'Oh, I don't mean anything offensive. You are a good-looking chap, and whether you are grey or green, it don't signify. Whenever anything is said about you, Redwood, I always stick up for you. I say, "He's an uncommonly good-looking chap, if he's *not* a lady's man"—the speaker broke off short, feeling what he had implied. There was an awkward pause, and another topic was introduced.

The slip, however, was not without its result. 'I may not be a lady's man,' said poor Redwood to himself, 'I suppose I am not. I can't talk their talk; and Mary Duberly said I was the worst dancer she has ever come across, but some women don't seem to mind me. I get along very well with Mina Carnoustie and Penelope East.'

And a faint desire to show himself in the company of these girls, with whom he was now quite at ease, made him offer less opposition than before to Merriman's entreaty when it again arose, to be taken to Carnoustie Castle at the luncheon hour. He felt that he would really like Felix to see him there.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TORQUIL MACALISTER TAKES THE HINT.

A MOST provoking thing had happened, according to Lord Carnoustie. He had lost one of his best servants—one of the best servants ever man had—at the most unfortunate time of the year.

Mr. Soutter ought to have prevented Torquil Macalister's leaving. It was all very well for Mr. Soutter to allege that he knew nothing of it—he ought to have known. What was the use of having a factor, if he were worse than useless as regarded what was going on under his very nose? One might as well keep a dog and bark for oneself.

Torquil Macalister was as amenable to reason as anyone, and would have been talked over in no time if Soutter had had the sense to talk to him. Poor Torquil! Poor fellow! He meant no harm; he thought he was doing right; the best of creatures Torquil always was!

But Mr. Soutter should have heard of the summons, and found the shepherd instantly—someone, anyone would have told him where Torquil Macalister was likely to be—and Soutter should have denounced in the strongest terms the folly and ingratitude of running off all in a moment, and leaving Lord Carnoustie in the lurch. Had he done so, Torquil would never have dreamed of going off, as he had done.

'Is he actually gone?' demanded Lady Carnoustie, little less affronted than her lord.

'Actually gone. Gone before break of day, by the six o'clock boat, and no chance of catching him. No one seems to know where he has vanished to. He left a message for me with Davie Cameron, to the effect that his father was dying—or some such nonsense——'

'My dear Carnoustie!'

'Well, well, you know what I mean; you needn't be so *snack*; I can't stop to pick my words when I'm worried like this. We relied on Torquil for odd days on the moors, as well as for his shepherding; and he had promised to manage it and seemed to like the idea. With a keeper short already, it is positively heart-breaking to have a blow like this,' with all the gloom of a kindly

despot, unaccustomed to being thwarted; 'I don't blame Torquil, but I do blame Soutter.'

'There you are wrong, Carnoustie——'

'I am *not* wrong, I tell you. You always take Soutter's part.' He was now in the mood in which no one could deal with him. 'Soutter's well enough; but he is as thick-headed as a plum-pudding about a thing like this. Letting a fellow like Torquil Macalister go, as if he were a mere ghillie boy!'

'I am sure Mr. Soutter would have prevented it, if he could.'

'And what was to prevent *him* then? Why did he not?'

'You yourself say that he knew nothing of the matter. No one knew of Torquil's intentions, I understand.'

'Isn't that what I am telling you? He *ought* to have known. What good is it for Soutter to come to me with a long face, "I have bad news for you, my lord," mimicking—'when he has done nothing to prevent the "bad news"?''

'He cannot be in every place at once.'

'I never asked him to be in every place at once.'

'He was up here, with you.'

'And who wanted him to be up here, with me? I am sure I didn't. I was sick to death of his blethering; tormenting me with silly trifles! I did not care two straws about; when all the while this, that really is of the greatest importance, is allowed to take place without a finger being lifted to stop it!'

Presently he owned that he had sent the worthy Soutter away 'with a flea in his ear.'

Soutter's suggestions and condolences had only inflamed his sense of the magnitude of his loss, and he had given vent to his irritation pretty freely.

Penelope had expected it all: she had presided over the note which her cousin's faltering fingers had penned the previous evening, and had herself handed it over to Torquil Macalister at the appointed trysting-place in the glen; meeting his look of amazement and alarm by the brief intimation that his departure must be immediate and unannounced.

He had not said a word, nor offered a syllable of remonstrance.

The young lady had withdrawn as quickly as might be from the scene, half afraid of the bold, strong, untamed nature whom she had dared to brave, and not a little relieved to find that he never stirred a step in pursuit while she flew swiftly home.

Mina, eager to know what had been said and done, found that her cousin had nothing to say. She had seen Torquil waiting,

had rushed at him with the note, bidden him depart the next day and as secretly as possible, and rushed away again. 'I hated it altogether,' Penelope added, drawing a deep breath in conclusion.

Then she began to prattle about Redwood and his friend, who had stayed most of the afternoon. Somehow the thought of them made the recollection of Torquil Macalister especially distasteful. She did not want to hear or to think any more of him; she detested the memory of his dark, handsome face—lacking as it was in expression and refinement—and of his splendid figure disguised by its coarse, ill-fitting clothes. Clothes are nothing, of course, but still, a man's coat should not hitch up in the middle of his back. Whenever Penelope thought of the rustic swain, she always saw a coat which would thus hitch, and a hat which all the classical outline of his features could not excuse.

The coat and the hat were reserved for Sundays, when Macalister designed to pass for a gentleman; on week days he looked much better.

But even on week days it was a marvel to Penelope how her cousin, and a cousin some years her senior, could have so forgotten herself. How could she—how *could* she?

The sense of an odious background, which was to be obliterated from the picture as speedily as possible, made her now place the figures of Redwood and his friend prominently before Mina's eyes; and she dwelt upon their appearance and agreeability at such length and with such impressiveness, that at length she did succeed in rousing some faint show of interest in her companion.

'Yes, I like Mr. Redwood very much,' said Mina. 'I——' she hesitated.

'You wish you had met him long ago?' hinted Penelope. A new and glorious idea was taking possession of her breast.

'That, it would be presumptuous to suggest. He might have liked me then; I don't know; but at any rate he can never be anything to me now.'

'Why not, I should like to know?'

Mina looked at her reproachfully.

'Well, why not? I say, and say again, why not? I am not going to know of, or listen to, or recall any reason for that look. You are not to throw away all your chances of a happy and suitable marriage because you have played the fool——'

'Dear Penelope, don't.'

'I won't then, only you must promise me a "Don't" in return. Don't go and brood over this despicable episode, and fancy yourself

still infatuated with this trumpery fellow, to your own hurt. Forget it, dear. Forget it as fast as you can. And you will do this more quickly if some one else—what do you say to this Merriman——?’

‘Penelope, you are absurd.’

Penelope laughed. Then she blushed. Then she looked at her cousin keenly.

‘Any fault to Redwood?’ she observed, twirling a rose between her fingers.

When Mina had replied, and for some time thereafter, she was thoughtful and nearly silent.

Next morning the two learned, through the medium of Lord Carnoustie’s complaints, that Penelope’s mission had been efficacious, and that Macalister, realising the strength of the forces against him, had surrendered to fate, and quitted the island at early dawn.

To Penelope this was a fresh source of triumph, and she was now as dangerously elated and self-satisfied as she had formerly been cast down and miserable. She had explained the scene in Ailsie’s bedroom to the old nurse in this wise: Mina had displeased her, made her very angry indeed; so angry that she could not speak about it; and she had meant to get Ailsie to remonstrate with Mina on the subject; but catching her cousin eavesdropping, she had determined to have it out with her then and there.

On the enormity of eavesdropping she had expatiated in order to draw off Ailsie’s attention from the real point at issue; this wonderful wile, evolved with a sense of profound diplomacy, had apparently met with the success it merited. Ailsie had nodded her head, made a few vague responses, and let the matter pass. Penelope felt in spirits for anything.

What more could she do for Mina? Mina, it was clear, could do nothing for herself—nothing, at least, that were not better left undone. She must be taken in hand. Kindly treated, she would prove docile as a timid deer, and now that she had learned to look upon her cousin as a friend, she might be guided for her own happiness.

Well, then, Redwood? Whichever way Penelope turned, Redwood’s figure rose before her eyes. In vain she pooh-poohed it, pushed it aside, grew quite peevish with herself on the subject; the answer to every question regarding the past and future was—Redwood,

Yet why should Mina be married at all? Marriage was not necessary to a woman; far from it. Penelope had long declared against it on her own account, except when in the mood to jest, as when she told inquisitive old Ailsie she meant to have Redwood for herself.

But no one could have misapprehended that laughing utterance. When serious, my heroine always alleged that she was cut out for an old maid; and that she meant to be one, and a merry one. Of a good fortune she was secure; also of good health, bright spirits, energy, enterprise, and troops of friends. For the present she was content as she was; for after years she had a thousand projects. She would travel all over the world; settle here and settle there, and sip the sweets of every transition. She would see with her own eyes all the glorious sights whereof as yet she had only read and heard.

Also this queer little damsel had her visions of benevolence; though whether these were to lead her into the paths trod by such pioneers as the noble Howard and Elizabeth Fry, or of uniting the joys of adventure to the conversion of the heathen, like Moffat and Livingstone, or of sailing to the Deep-Sea Fisheries, and distributing good food, clothing, and literature 'norrard of the Dogger,' or of stirring, active missionary work in some original guise as yet unknown, remained undecided. She did not mean to be a hospital nurse; nor did she fancy the 'East End.'

One thing was clear, whatever line her philanthropy was ultimately to take, it did not require the aid of a husband; and Penelope, from having already seen and tacitly rejected a considerable number of problematical husbands, was really not far wrong when she assured herself that she was not a marrying girl.

She was well off in her home; and, like the sensible little woman she was, realised that her sole remaining parent, even though he might not be very much of a father, still had some claims upon his only daughter. Mr. East, like a large number of his fellow-men, was a self-worshipper; and as long as all went well with him, was fully equal to the task of ministering to the necessities of his god: he plied himself with every good the world could give, and needed no assistance in his congenial task: still, a time might come—and, anyhow, Penelope was not prepared to quit her home just yet, either for marriage, or for anything else.

That being the case—Redwood? What was to be done with

Redwood? He was too good to be wasted. He was not a very bright man; sometimes he was oppressively dull and sombre; and on the two first occasions of their meeting he had been rude; but, on the other hand, the rudeness had been amply atoned for, and she could not remember that he had ever been dull when alone with her.

It was when in the general circle that he was subject to absent fits. He would on a sudden draw himself in, answer shortly or not at all, and be *distract* and uncommunicative for the remainder of the visit.

Could it be that he was a man with a story?

If so—if this were the explanation—what more fitting than that he should mate with Mina Carnoustie, who also had a story, and to whom such a termination of it would be a godsend?

Redwood on his first arrival had certainly seemed to admire Mina; and Mina, but for her unfortunate predilection in favour of another, would most likely have been pleased to be distinguished. She had all but owned she yearned for some one—any one—to care for her, and rescue her from the deadly monotony of her life.

‘To be sure she did not show off on that first occasion,’ laughed Penelope. ‘A more anxious, puzzled, miserable face I never saw, when Redwood was doing his best to be civil to her and uncivil to me. But she improved; and now they are quite good friends. He is cooler than he was—she less cold. Would it be possible to warm him up into——?’ Then she paused, but resumed after a minute. ‘I think it would, and it shall. I will do it; I will make the match. He may not admire me, but he likes me; and I think I have some sort of power over him. He is not a clever man, but he is pretty prompt to divine what I mean sometimes. While the others are all sitting looking at me in their cow-like way, Mr. Redwood will rise up with that dry smile of his, and saunter off to do the thing I want. I like that. If I ever felt inclined to like a man, this dry, unimpressionable man would have as fair a chance as anyone I have yet seen,—though whether he would value such a chance or not is doubtful. We suit each other; we neither of us crave for more of the other than we have got—or at any rate can get. I am willing to present my cousin with him,—and that is something of a test, as every one will allow. Now to see if he is willing to be so presented. It will be rather a business; it will require some steering and prodding; I shall have to make little dabs at him, and little dabs at her, by turns;

I shall have to coach them both. Let me see; I must think this matter over, in order to be well up in my own part. What a pity there is no work on the subject! "The Art of Matchmaking;" it would be of incomparable value to Miss Penelope East at the present moment. She has two rather ticklish customers to manipulate, and not much experience to fall back upon. The only thing to be said on the other hand is, that general rules are seldom worth much when it comes to the practical point. What general rule, for example, would provide for a back view of a romance like Mina's? It was an ugly, foolish romance—but still a romance. And what general rule, I ask again, would apply to a whole family so blind and dense and eaten up with pride and self-sufficiency as the whole lot of these Carnousties? Not to see that they had soured the girl, and set her lying! Poor Mina; it was really a touching little story, that first one of hers! And what brutal stupidity to treat her so! A pause. 'Of course she ought to have spoken out; but, to be sure, speaking out might have done no good. I wonder why that Etheridge man was snubbed?' musing. 'Perhaps they had heard something bad of him? They would hardly have been such fools as to give him his *congé* without some reason which was a reason in their eyes, whatever it might have been in the eyes of other people. But at any rate, they ought to have told Mina that there *was* a reason, if they did not choose to say what. I should have been simply furious if it had been me. To *dare* to shut her up, and send him away, and never so much as say why!' her blood boiling. 'To *dare* to treat a girl of twenty like that! Why, she was my age! Quite grown up! And to be made a mere baby of! Well, poor despised Mina has served them out, anyway; and, my conscience, she would have served herself out too, but for me. I can't think of it without a "grue,"' —(Penelope never let an expressive term pass without getting Lord Carnoustie, who was an authority, to explain it, and it would infallibly be in use on the next occasion which offered.) 'Now I have got to take the poor thing under my protection, or we shall have another proper and promising marriage simply *botched*,' proceeded our matchmaker with her most businesslike air. 'I see; I see how to do it. Never a hint do I let fall to anyone—trust me for that—but I will work, and watch, and mount guard, and, oh, glorious! divert the attention of these idiotic parents into another channel. They shall think it is the friend—the new-comer—the chattering Merriman who is going to do them the terrible damage of making up to their daughter!

Yes, that is what they must be made to think,' laughing heartily. 'Why not? I am not doing anything to be ashamed of. I know the silly old creatures like Mr. Redwood, and, as they would say, "approve of" him. If they did not, it would be another story. But I can tell by their simple old faces that they really are keen, only they don't want anyone to see it. They are right enough there. No one wants them to *go for* the man,—but then the odds are that they will fly to the other extreme, and go dead against him, unless they are held in hand. *That* is what I have got to do. Feign to see nothing—but watch everything. Be ready always to step forward when things are getting mixed, and straighten them. Praise Mina to Redwood, and Redwood to Mina; and give each to understand (but this will have to be done with an uncommonly light touch, Penelope East; mind that, and don't be coarse)—still you might just insinuate, as opportunity offers, to one or other of the dear young people, that the other is, in a mild way, an object of interest to the one whose ear you have got. That will work, I fancy. . . . And I can dodge round Mina so as to make her walk next him and sit next him; she would never be quick enough to circumvent me, even if she should see—which I doubt her doing; and I can beguile them into the garden after dinner; we could all three go, and I could leave them there, and slip in for my shawl, and never return, and—oh, there are all sorts of ways in which we could progress, with a little skill on my part. And if you, my good Lord and Lady Carnoustie, attempt to put a spoke in *this* wheel, and think you are going to ride rough-shod over poor Mina a second time, you will find she has a champion who is not so easily disposed of, and with whom you had best not meddle. I give you warning, good people; and if you disregard it, then here's for a fair field and no favour.'

'Hi, uncle Carnoustie, hi! Where are you going? I'm coming with you. Wait for me,' flying after the stumpy grey figure which came into view at the moment. 'Are you going to the Soutters?' demanded Penelope, coming up breathless and tucking her hand into his arm. 'Come along, then. I'm coming to the Soutters' too.'

CHAPTER XXX.

A HAND ON A DOG'S HEAD.

LORD CARNOUSTIE was very well pleased to have a companion on his Soutter expedition. He was on one of his *peccavi* visits, and was even more sheepish and penitent than usual, feeling that he had never rated the worthy Soutter more uncompromisingly than he had done that morning.

He now foresaw himself doomed to a good hour of penance and he really did not grudge the penance; his kind heart was smiting him severely, and would give him no peace till he had eaten and drunk to suit the sisters' most rapacious demands, and till in return he had administered to them as many encomiums on their idolised brother as they could swallow at one time;—but he was glad to have his humble pie made a little more palatable by the presence of Penelope.

He had a liking for Penelope. His eyes would twinkle merrily and a little amused quirk would flicker about the corners of his mouth when she attacked him and battled with him.

His own girls never showed fight, and the fight his wife did show was not like Penelope's. Penelope's was stimulative, exciting, mirthful—altogether pleasant. Lady Carnoustie's was either flavourless or worse. A man does not find it entertaining to be coldly rebuked, or fretfully called to order; but a brisk contest with a laughing, provoking maiden, who does not mind what she says, yet who never says anything really amiss, is a different experience. Lord Carnoustie's daughters used to sit by wondering silently while papa and Penelope ran full tilt at each other. They saw that papa did not mind it, and that even mamma was quiescent (for somehow nobody could resist Penelope's artless sunshine, and Lady Carnoustie, when she found that she could turn upon her young visitor and snap her up, and yet that Penelope would bear no malice, was disposed to make allowances for a 'London girl'), and this state of things was new to Louisa and Joanna.

Sometimes they would themselves essay a mild 'Oh, Penelope!' when Penelope to their view was really over bold. But they presently discovered with surprise that the remonstrance would not be backed up by dear mamma. Dear mamma had been known actually to take part with the offender.

'Penelope is not like one of you,' she had observed on one occasion. 'She is a guest—a visitor; one should not be always finding fault, even if she does occasionally overstep the bounds of decorum. She means no harm. Your father quite understands that she means no harm.'

Either Lord Carnoustie did, or else he liked the harm. Certainly he liked to hear himself hailed when off on what used to be a solitary tramp before Penelope came, by a joyous shout of 'Wait for me!' and to be saddled with a companion willy-nilly; a companion who never suggested 'By your leave,' or supposed for a moment that her presence could by any possibility be unwelcome.

He had felt rather oddly the first time Penelope inserted her small tenacious hand within his arm, and walked him about thus before the eyes of his people.

Yet he had not liked to ask to have the little hand—it was such a confiding little hand—taken away. He had merely stolen a furtive glance towards the castle windows to see whether anyone were looking out, and suggested to Penelope to run in and he would follow, when a gardener appeared in the way, on the return of the two from their ramble.

Penelope, without an idea of why she had been sent on, did as she was bid, humming a tune; and the next time she went for a walk with her elderly relation took his arm as a matter of course. She had been used to hang on to her father, and Mr. East, though not a doting parent, did not mind it. It never occurred to her that what was scarcely perceived by the one should be a novelty of importance to the other.

Then by-and-by the old lord got accustomed to his new appendage, and felt rather proud of it than otherwise when he encountered Redwood or Mr. Soutter. He would stand chatting willingly, and would say, 'Well, good day; come along, Penelope,' at the close of the interview, with a motion that was almost a proffer of the arm she had released; and once Redwood, on looking round to call a dog to heel, had seen the merry girl jogging the said arm back and forwards with vigour, apparently to enforce the point of some gibe at which both were laughing; and feeling rather lonely and dull himself, he had not wondered at Lord Carnoustie's evident partiality for such a comrade.

'You are going to make it up with the Soutters, aren't you?' said Penelope, marching alongside now. 'I guessed as much. You always do, don't you?'

'Make it up with the Soutters!' ejaculated he. 'Bless my soul, what nonsense! "Make it up," indeed! And with John Soutter, my own factor!'

'You said yourself you had been rather down upon him, uncle Carnoustie. And I know you always do go there whenever you have been down on him. That was how I guessed where you were off to now.'

'Hoots! Rubbish! "Down on him," indeed! Much you know about it! "Down" on John Soutter, indeed!'

But he did not deny that he was bound for Glenmore.

'You know you think a lot of Mr. Soutter,' said Penelope, holding on to his arm and keeping step. 'But of course you must have your scold out every now and then; only you don't want him to be unhappy about it afterwards. That's it, isn't it?'

'Unhappy? I don't suppose he would be unhappy.'

'Yes, you do; you know he would. Your favour is the very breath of his nostrils; and he will be going about all to-day hanging down his head because you have been rating him; but it will be all right to-night when he comes home.'

'I dare say I was a little sharp with him.'

'And all because of a man not fit to lick his shoes! I never cared for Torquil Macalister, uncle.'

'What can you know about Torquil Macalister? He did not come in *your* way; he had nothing to do with *you*. You "never cared for Torquil Macalister," indeed! Set you up for a judge!'—laughing in spite of himself,—'how can a little goose like you know whether Torquil was a good shepherd or not?'

'I said nothing about him as a shepherd; I did not like himself.'

'Himself? Oh, a man in Torquil's position has no "himself" for you and me. That's for his own people to judge about. I only speak of him as I found him; a very good servant, and a credit to the place.'

'Did he never seem to you rather—impudent?'

'Torquil impudent? Never. What put such a notion into your head? I suppose he stopped your going over the moor when the birds were sitting?—but you were not here then. Do you mean that he was not civil and obliging? The girls always told me they found him particularly willing to do anything. Mina used to say she could send Torquil flying to the world's end for her at a word.'

Penelope thought it best to be silent.

'I never heard a complaint of Torquil on that score before,'

pursued Lord Carnoustie, after a few minutes' pondering on the new idea. 'And I have never had a complaint to make myself. What ails you at him, of all people in the world—setting up your little pipe?' half amused, half affronted.

'I like people to keep their places,' said Penelope, sturdily.

'Troth, and so do I, and so, for that matter, does her ladyship. We have all to keep our "places" with her,' and his expression became still more humorous. 'It is as much as *my* place is worth not to keep it, I can tell you. But Lady Carnoustie never said either Yea or Nay about Torquil Macalister; and, between ourselves, that's as much as anybody gets from her—without it's John Soutter, who has crept up her sleeve; and I'm sure it's the comfort of my life that he has! Did you hear how short she took me up this morning about him? Well, maybe I was rather unreasonable; I won't say I was not: but one thing I know; it is the very best turn I can do Soutter to be angry with him to your aunt. The more I "flyte," the more she defends him.'

Penelope nodded.

'I know.'

'Soutter is as good a fellow as ever lived, but a tiresome, plaguey man; always in a stew about things going wrong that have no inclination to go wrong; and vanishing out of sight when he might be really of use,' and he proceeded to enlarge.

Penelope saw that it would be useless to try and lessen his regrets; time would do that; and she reflected that meanwhile it might perhaps be as well that he should openly proclaim what he felt, so long as he did it only to his own family and the factor's. She would try to keep him out of the way of other people—the country people, for instance—until the affair had blown over, and there was no chance of anyone's looking at him significantly; for she could not but fear that what had been going on for so many months must at some time or other have attracted notice; and even supposing no one had detected the extent of her cousin's folly and Macalister's presumption, remarks might have been made which in time would have penetrated even Lord Carnoustie's skull.

'I'll just toddle about with him wherever he goes for a while,' quoth Penelope to herself, 'and hear all there is to hear, and turn aside anything there is to turn.'

Since she had turned Torquil Macalister out of his situation, it seemed to her she could turn anything.

The walkers were now approaching Glenmore, and Lord Carnoustie peered anxiously about.

'You don't want to encounter Mr. Soutter, do you?' said Penelope, who read everything as in a glass. 'I don't *think* you need be afraid.'

'Hoots! Afraid! But it might be as well if—they might take it as more of a compliment if—of course I can see Soutter at any time, and I dare say the good ladies would prefer to have me to themselves—just tell me if that man over there,' pointing with his stick, 'that's not him, is it, Penelope? I thought he was to be over at the other side of the island this afternoon;' slackening his steps without being aware of doing so.

Penelope felt mischievous.

'We need not go in just yet, if it is he. We can go down to the shore, and sit on a rock; or along the road, and drop stones over the bridge. We can pass the time somehow till Mr. Soutter is out of the way.'

'Ay, we can do that. Which shall it be? Shall we come along the road?'

'Then what if he should come along the road himself presently?'

'You're right; he might; it would be just like him. Come down to the shore, then,' hastily. 'The tide is on the turn, and we can sit and enjoy the view.'

But Penelope had no inclination for the view, and no intention of being dragged down to the shore.

'Now that I see more plainly, it is not Mr. Soutter at all,' said she. 'And I was about to tell you, my dear uncle, that Mr. Soutter went by in his gig at a furious pace fully an hour ago; and I saw him vanish in the far distance, as I happened to be on the point of the headland.'

'And why could you not have said that before?'

'Only to tease you a little!' and his arm was archly jogged about, and a laughing face was perked up into his.

When Lady Carnoustie emphasised her whispers by a pressure of the fingers, it hurt, or her husband said it hurt him, and he would testily demand what he was being pinched for; but it is notable that to Penelope's hearty shake he took no umbrage.

'I knew you were frightened to death lest old John should be in the way,' she ran on fearlessly. 'So was I. It would have been so stiff, so awkward. We could not have got out our little jokes at all. And we are going to tea, you and I. Jean and Marianne will think it bliss untold to have us at tea; indeed, if John has faithfully reported this morning's conversation, they will be expecting it. Does he tell them, do you think?' She broke off suddenly.

'Certainly not. Soutter is not such a fool. Besides, it would be highly dishonourable.'

'All right. "Not such a fool" is good enough for me. Then the Misses Soutter will be all the more enchanted with this joyful surprise. Come along, and we will have a merry meeting.'

'But who could the man have been? I distinctly saw a man.'

'Some fisherman,' said Penelope, hastily.

She also had distinctly seen a man, and she did not think it was a fisherman. When the two were ushered into the parlour, it hardly surprised her to have to shake hands with Mr. Redwood.

Nor did the meeting displease her companion. To Redwood he could adroitly expatiate on the virtues of John Soutter, with perhaps even more ease and success than to the sisters whom it was his object to please. He had said the same things so many times over to them, that to have a novel element introduced into the little drama would be an agreeable diversification; and, moreover, it would be doubly, nay, trebly gratifying to his hostesses to have the visit paid and the encomiums bestowed in the presence of two witnesses. He sat down in his accustomed chair, prepared for anything.

Redwood on his part had also made his observations.

He had just reached the summit of the little rising on which the factor's domain was perched, intending to have a word about some fishing tackle which Mr. Soutter had promised to procure for him, when he caught sight of Lord Carnoustie approaching, with a petticoat by his side.

For a moment he felt a little confused by the sight, but not for one moment did he doubt to whom the petticoat belonged. Not only was Penelope several inches shorter than any of her cousins, but she was the only one who ever hung on in girlish, coaxing fashion to the old greybearded baron's arm. Redwood had often quietly thought it was a pretty sight, that of the weather-beaten oak with its ivy tendril; and his heart owned a curious sensation as he now perceived it, and perceived that he might either escape or be caught, as he chose.

Why should he escape? Felix Merriman was not by to see. He had certainly told Felix Merriman that in respect of the two fair damsels at Carnoustie Castle he might attach himself according to his taste, for that the field was clear for either; and as certainly Felix would have cried out that it was not fair play had he known of the present irresolution within Redwood's breast; but then Felix was an ass! His friend deliberately entered the factor's house.

The Misses Soutter were now in all their glory. Here was their honoured patron, of whom John had such a high opinion (John was a careful man), well seated back in the arm-chair he always took on these state occasions, with obvious intention of remaining there for a good long afternoon's visit; and here was young Mr. Redwood (so polite of that young man to call again within a month!) occupying the arm-chair opposite; and here was that dear child, Penelope, to keep the talk going, and prevent anyone's feeling neglected if Miss Jean should just run out to see that the kettle was caught precisely on the boil for Lord Carnoustie's tea, because Katie always would either lift it off the fire before it boiled properly, or else wait till it had been puffing away for ever so long, while she clattered in and out with the tea-tray. Servant-girls never could remember that tea-trays could wait, but making tea could not; and accordingly Marianne, good soul! could fold her hands in peace, and sit before his lordship reverently listening to his talk of the countryside, which, sooth to tell, they both knew plenty about, and knew also that not an iota was devoid of interest to the talker himself, while Penelope kept Mr. Redwood from feeling out in the cold.

'You would not come into the parlour last time I was here,' said he. 'You went and hid yourself in the kitchen.'

'I cannot do that to-day. This is a state visit.'

'You would if you could?'

'I did not say so. No, I don't think I should. I am not in the humour. I have come here for something different. Mr. Redwood, are you a believer in second sight?'

'Explain, and I will believe, or not.'

'Listen, then; I shall make a prediction, and you mark the consequences. I predict that within the space of the next five minutes my uncle over there will begin to laud somebody who is absent up to the skies, and *that* although only this morning he called that somebody "as thick-headed as a plum-pudding."

'What?' said Redwood, laughing.

'There—there he goes!' cried Penelope in an excited undertone. 'Do you hear him? "Your most worthy brother for whose opinion I have the highest respect;" I knew it! I knew he was aching to have it out! I knew he could hold in no longer.'

Redwood, still laughing, glanced across the rug.

'You must know,' continued his informant, whose voice was swallowed up in the louder tones of the other pair, 'that Lord Carnoustie has periodical fits of indignation, when his good Soutter

has a bad time of it. Directly the fit is over, he stumps up here and applies the healing balm, to be filtered through the injured one's relations. This morning Mr. Soutter caught it hot—very hot. My lord was still irate when he came in to luncheon; but for the past hour or two he has been on the fidget; and I, watching from afar, knew when I saw him setting forth from the front door, that the moment of reparation had come. You have no idea what a good man he is, Mr. Redwood; you really have not; he does not do himself justice.'

Perceiving she was serious, Redwood ceased to laugh.

'Look at him now,' proceeded Penelope, in a still lower aside, while her eye kindled; 'see how he is trying to look pleased and glad at the sight of the tea-tray! If there is a thing he inveighs against, and as a rule abominates, it is afternoon tea; but he feels so kindly, and wishes to be so kind, that it really is no effort to exclaim "Ha! the tea-tray!" in that delighted voice. Sometimes I think none of us understand Lord Carnoustie, he has such funny little ways of showing when he is soft-hearted, and he does not like them noticed. But he is so good, when you see through and through him——' She checked herself, conscious of the impropriety of saying this to a stranger.

Redwood, however, only beheld the warm affectionate nature which betrayed itself by an impulse; and the hand which rested on the head of his dog.

Duke had followed his master into the house, and been permitted to remain at the hostesses' request; and he now sat in front of Redwood's chair, his huge black curly head on Redwood's knee, in an attitude of fond content. Penelope, vexed with herself for having been foolishly confidential, made matters worse by striving to hide her confusion in a caress of which she was scarcely aware, and the next moment was punished for it.

Redwood laid his hand on hers, and looked into her face.

Had he spoken she could have borne it better, but he said nothing, and she felt herself crimson to the brow as he looked.

He must have seen; he could not but see; and what could he think? She wished a hundred times, a thousand times, a hundred thousand times, she had let that detestable dog's head alone.

(To be continued.)

Hugh Pearson.

A LITTLE MEMOIR of Hugh Pearson was printed, and sent to his friends. It is somewhere in this room, but I cannot find it to-day. I do not need it for my present purpose. I wish to show the greatly-loved man I knew. If I had found the volume, I should have turned it over, and then shut it and laid it aside, and written from my own memory and heart. While I live, I shall vividly remember the face and the voice, many looks and many sentences. I close my eyes and I see him: sitting in a large chair which I have just touched with this long quill. The days were in which I used to say to myself, over and over, *Principal Tulloch is dead*: not being able to take it in. It was exactly so when Hugh Pearson died.

I know well that all the hours I spent with him were but a very little part of that honoured and helpful life. But they were quite enough to leave with me, for ever, the clearest idea of the manner of man he was. It is a very loving estimate of a man as true, kind, lovable, devout, as ever lived. It did one good to be near him. I fancy it is theologically certain that every human being must from time to time do wrong. I cannot remember that Hugh Pearson ever did wrong at all. Always wise: always good: always kind. No wonder that the biographer could say that from Pearson (and just one other, Jowett) Arthur Stanley had no secrets at all. Some of us, far below Stanley, could have told Pearson anything.

It all comes vividly back, this Spring morning: from the first bright look at Edinburgh in August 1862, more than thirty-one years ago: through pleasant Sonning, which to me was always a glimpse of Paradise: Stanley used to say that Sonning church and vicarage were the ideal English church and parsonage, and Pearson the ideal English parson: then days in this house, red-letter days. Above all, a day comes back, a sad day. Pearson had his

little individual ways. One was that he would come to stay at a friend's house, without giving any notice. He was ever far more than welcome. One August day, after a long lonely journey (which I think made him feel rather desolate), he came to this door: it was his first visit to St. Andrews. He made sure he was at home: knowing what a welcome awaited him here. But the faithful domestic who had stayed behind to see the house shut up had to tell him that we had all gone off that morning to Perthshire for six weeks. She told us that she had never seen a man so knocked down. I know the smile of anticipation that was on the face when he came to our door. But he asked if he might come into this study: and he rested here a little and then departed. The moment I heard, I wrote begging him to come to us where we were: but it took days before he got my letter, and he was back in England. Then, years after, the last sight of all of the kind face, sitting beside him as he read the Lessons one morning in St. George's Chapel at Windsor. How he enjoyed the stately worship of that magnificent church! When appointed a Canon of Windsor, he wrote, 'You know cathedral service is everything to me.' For twenty years his father was Dean of Salisbury: and amid such surroundings Hugh Pearson grew up, and there his ecclesiastical tastes were formed. They never left him. And though he was Stanley's dearest friend, the type of churchmanship was not quite the same. Well I remember, walking about with him at Sonning, his saying sorrowfully of a bright youth who had become quite too Broad, 'His faith is a wreck.' But he passed rapidly from sorrowful thoughts: and pointing up to a beautiful change he had made on the vicarage since my last visit, he said 'A Nuremberg window.' He felt sad things deeply: I have seen the face look very sorrowful: but he thought it morbid to dwell on such, if one could righteously escape them.

There are two volumes in this room, greatly prized. A little one, bound in purple (he minded these things), called *Hymns for the Services of the Church*. No Editor's name is on the title-page. But there is a Preface, signed H. P., and dated *Sonning, Advent, 1867*. The other volume is a vellum-bound *In Memoriam*: which bears 'In memory of Hugh Pearson, from his Brother W. H. Jervis.' The date is December 9, 1882. On the evening of a Sunday in this Lent, I turned over many letters which had been carefully tied up; all beginning 'My dear A. K. H. B.,' all ending 'Ever affectionately yours, H. P.' Alas, there is one, written on January 7, 1882, whose last words are 'I

am most thankful that 1881 is gone: I breathe more freely.' One has known the feeling of being thankful that a trying year was past: hoping something better. But the end was drawing near. Only three months remained: and I have heard him say that he was so interested in the progress of the Church and world that he would like to be allowed to watch them for a few more years. On Easter Day, April 9, 1882, he was at early Communion: and he preached at evening service, telling the people it was his fortieth Easter Day at Sonning. On Thursday in that week he died.

If you preserve only letters of special interest, it is a pathetic thing to untie a little bundle after a very few years. There, along with that prophetic letter from H. P., is the large round hand of Bishop Phillips Brooks: the clear beautiful writing of Liddon: the hand, singularly like it, of Dean Church of St. Paul's: the wonderful calligraphy of Stanley: the scholarly writing of Froude, not always easily read: the clear page, legible as print, of Oliver Wendell Holmes: two letters from historic Edgewood, signed Donald G. Mitchell; whose *Reveries of a Bachelor* so reached the youthful heart; and the solitary letter which ever reached this house of the charming Rector of Bishopsgate, that Rogers whose name has such affinity to theological science.

I never can forget my first sight of Hugh Pearson: the extreme brightness of his look, and the cordiality of his greeting. Stanley and he had come to Edinburgh; and on the evening of Saturday August 30 they dined with Dr. Crawford, the Professor of Divinity. The day before we had come back from England, where we had spent that August of 1862: and in the house of Sir Frederick Pollock I had met Stanley for the first time. He said he was soon to be in Edinburgh, and would come and see us: all we knew of Pearson was that he was an English clergyman, and a great friend of Stanley's. Three hours that evening I listened to Stanley's talk: and Pearson's was just as interesting. They wished to come to church next morning: and our one Sunday in Edinburgh, passing from Devonshire to the Clyde (for August and September were holiday then) was happily theirs too. I took to Pearson that day, as I never had taken to any other man, save only Bishop Thorold of Winchester. Stanley might be the more famous man: Pearson was the more charming. I do not presume to say that Pearson took to me unworthy: but, as matter of fact, he often told me that he did. I shrink from anything that looks presumptuous: for within these few days an anonymous soul, writing to me, with incredible bitterness, a letter of an abusive

character, declared that he does not believe that I ever spoke to even one of the eminent men of whom I have made mention on various printed pages. So I fear I have unintentionally rubbed that kindly Christian the wrong way. And it would be vain to assure him that he is mistaken. In any case he is *thorough*. He reminded me of a charitable old man who declared aloud in my hearing, he knowing that I was a son of the manse, that 'there was not a minister of the Kirk of Scotland who would give up a plate of pudden or a tumbler of toddy to save the souls of all the people in his parish.' I was but a lad: but I plucked up courage and uttered an outspoken reply.

It was that evening that Pearson said to me, Stanley having expressed some disapproval of Bishop Wilberforce of Oxford, 'You may speak of him as you like: but he is the show man of the Church of England!' I remember too, 'Like all the Wilberforces, he has the gift of sympathy.' Yet Pearson was anxious that we should understand that the Bishop was not a mere mass of geniality: he could shew his teeth upon occasion: which I suppose is still needful in this world that a man may be respected. The idea is sometimes simply brought out by simple folk. A presumptuous bagman, entering a coach drawn by a horse along a little line of rails up to a Perthshire village, said, in depreciatory tone, 'A very innocent railway.' 'No that Ennocent,' said the driver with much indignation: 'No that Ennocent: we kelt a man!' There was a proper pride, too.

The record of the day says 'Stanley; and a Mr. Pearson, Rector of a parish in Berkshire: a most pleasant man.' Ah, how well read they shewed themselves to be, both of them, in certain volumes by a young Scotch minister concerning which his revered Seniors in the Kirk, specially those of them who ministered to empty pews, kept a silence as of the grave: broken only by the occasional word of oblique condemnation. 'Not a creditable book from such a quarter:' I have known. And I remember well when it was said that *The Recreations of a Country Parson* was a rowdy, slangy, and Bohemian title such as no clergyman could decently use. So we came away. In those days I had a deep veneration for the great Church of England: which extraordinary kindness experienced from its clergy of all degrees converted to a warmer feeling. But I think I may say that Thorold, Stanley, and Pearson, were the first of their order who held out a warm hand to me.

Sunday morning was dull and dark. In August and Septem-

ber the New Town congregations of Edinburgh are scattered: and I was sorry that St. Bernard's, usually quite as full as it could hold, must be 'thin:' save for tourists. These, in my latter years, quite made up for the absent flock. Further, the Choir, which was amateur, did not sing on these holiday Sundays. Scotland has greatly changed in church matters. The afternoon congregation now has dried up, as in England: but at that period, the great service was the afternoon. For that, one's sermon was fully written out: and read. But in the morning the discourse was extempore: that is, one had sketched on a single page the line of thought, but trusted to the moment for the words. I never had varied this usage in the three years I had been in Edinburgh: and though on Saturday night the thought had crossed me that one should give a prepared sermon to so great a man as Stanley, I resolved that he must take his chance. I did not know then that he was to hear me often enough, when I had done my best. Stanley and Pearson were apparent, in the body of the church: but after service, to my astonishment, Kingsley walked into the vestry with them, looking very bright and alert. The Oxford and Cambridge Professors, to their surprise, had met on the steps of that Scottish kirk. Beholding these three visitors, I could not but say I wished I had given them a discourse fully written out. I hear Kingsley say, in a solemn voice, with an impressive catch in it, 'He's modest about his sermon.'

It chanced that the sermon pleased both Stanley and Kingsley; though not prepared to that end. Scottish preachers, in those days, used to lecture regularly through a book of Holy Scripture in these unwritten appearances. Thus the great difficulty of selecting a text and subject was escaped. And I had simply come that morning to the verse next in order. I have turned up my faded pages: they are strange to see. The notes take up a small page and a half. I see, yet, the eager glance with which Stanley looked up when the text was read. It was St. John iii. 5: 'Born of water and of the Spirit.' I knew not then, how Stanley, in his famous article in the *Edinburgh Review* on *The Gorham Controversy*, had treated the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration. Neither did I know Stanley's interest in the Standards of the Kirk. Having said that many identify the two Baptisms, water and the Spirit, or say they always go together: the discourse went on, that fact so contradicts this teaching, that it has to be fenced about, till it amounts to nothing. It was shown that our Confession takes as 'High' ground as any: the grace in baptism is

not only offered, but really exhibited and conferred.' It may be long latent, but it should come out at last. But now I fear I went on a line at which many would shake a dissentient head. I said that we did not need to make up our mind whether children were invariably regenerated in baptism or not: that our duty was plain: to wit, to have our children baptised: and that as for the exact effect, that was no concern of ours: it was in higher hands. All we need is to know what to do: so far, all is plain. Many would doubtless say that this was the application of a very rationalistic common sense to this solemn question. I had come to that point then: probably without any help. For I fancy it is not the view of either Scotland or England.

Kingsley came up with me to Great King Street, hard by. The time between services, 'the Interval,' was brief. Morning service ended at 12.30. Afternoon service began 2.15. The three pleasant visitors went away to the Old Town, to hear the famous and charming Guthrie in the afternoon. I was sorry not to have them then. For St. Bernard's was quite full. And I had a discourse, new then, which in the next November was to stand XIII. in the first volume of *The Graver Thoughts of a Country Parson*. The material for that volume had already been copied out. And that evening I was cheered by finding that I had taken a line which Stanley thought made sermons readable. He said that Newman's sermons were read very much because he was the first who gave each sermon a title; instead of merely denoting it by its text. I did not know this. But that afternoon's sermon claims to treat *The Vagueness and Endlessness of Human Aspirations*. The text was the famous 'Oh that I had wings like a dove!' And though a youth wrote it, an old man may say its teaching is true.

They dined with Mr. Erskine of Linlathen. Then Kingsley, tired, went to the Caledonian Hotel in Princes Street, where his wife was: Stanley and Pearson came to us at nine o'clock and stayed till eleven. One watches a great man, rarely seen. I thought of the jagged collar, at Pollock's in London: first beholding the man whose *Life of Arnold* had been so much to many a young Scot. Now, as he walked in first, I recognised an ill-fitting dress-coat in which at that epoch he had been photographed. I must not repeat the touching legend of the oleaginous toast, which Stanley in absence of mind seized up in his fingers and handed to Pearson. Pearson looked at it with hesitation: but received and consumed it. Then they talked of Guthrie's

sermon. I had told them of the indescribable charm of his manner: Never was more touching and holding oratory in this world. A great orator, if ever there was one. I had told them how he had impressed Thackeray. To my disappointment, they were critical. 'He had no particular message to deliver: just the ordinary evangelical thing.' Then Stanley said: 'He divided his subject into three "heads": but he broke them down: what was said under one head might just as well have been said under another.' I began to see, that Sunday evening, August 31, 1862, when Stanley was just 47, what I became very sure of afterwards: that to think alike was the tie to Stanley after all. Guthrie's doctrine had some how repelled him.

Long after, Pearson recalled that Sunday, so memorable to me. He did so many times in conversation: but I find a letter which had been quite forgot. I will run the risk of being accused of conceit, copying some lines. For they are interesting in themselves: and neither to Guthrie where he is nor to me where I abide does it matter now what this man or that may say. 'Here is a return to the old happy vein. I am delighted with *My Vestry Windows*. How well I remember hearing you preach in St. Bernard's: going with A. P. S. and Kingsley! An admirable sermon: which we all contrasted greatly to your advantage with one we heard from Dr. Guthrie in the afternoon.' Well, I had my day in Edinburgh: a bright warm day: but not many *there* would have said *that*. Then that letter ends sadly. Lady Augusta was near the end. 'Lady Augusta is, I understand, improving very slowly. She sees no one, and I can't help being anxious: but they tell me there is no real danger.' Then the hearty conclusion, not quite in the usual words: yet somewhat warmer than is common in Scotland even between great friends. 'No more, my dear Boyd. Ever yours most cordially, H. P.' Bishop Wordsworth, after more than forty years of Scotland, was essentially an Englishman. So it is not an exception to what has been said when my eye falls in this moment upon a letter from him, ending 'Ever yours most truly and affectionately, C. W. Bp.'

Having thus burst forth in what some good Christians may hold an ebullition of conceit, let me balance it by humbly presenting myself in the white sheet of humility. I lately read, printed as proof of incredible ignorance and bad taste, how certain Americans, visiting Edinburgh, went on a Sunday to St. Bernard's when they might have had the privilege of hearing Dr. Guthrie

or Dr. Candlish. This painful fact was given as indicating a descent to pretty nearly the lowest possible deep. This, more than once. But here is a passage from the Diary of that really honest and attractive man, George Gilfillan of Dundee, written August 5, 1863.

‘It is now nearly a year since a Mr. Appleton, a brother-in-law of Longfellow, called on me with a note from his celebrated relative. I asked what ministers he had heard in Edinburgh, and whether he had been to Guthrie’s chapel. “No, he had no interest in Guthrie. He had gone to hear the two Edinburgh clergymen at present most talked of in the States, Dean Ramsay and A. K. H. B.”

‘How curious the chance medleys of fame! And so the American had heard of, and longed to hear A. K. H. B., and had a contempt for Guthrie, and probably knew nothing about John Bruce.’

‘The astounding ignorance of the man!’

Even such, as Hugh Pearson liked to tell, was the exclamation (not to be taken seriously) of Bishop Wilberforce, when Pearson reported to him words of Pope Pius IX. Pearson and Stanley had a private interview with His Holiness, during which the infallible man (as Stanley said) made more stupid blunders than he had ever known any mortal make in twenty minutes before. One question was: ‘Is not Vealberfoss a Professor at Oxford?’ ‘Oh, no: Bishop,’ was Stanley’s reply. ‘Ah, Vealberfoss is Bishop: I did not know that.’ Hence the moan just recorded. Another curious detail of that historic talk, which appears to have been carried on in a singular mixture of French and English. ‘How is the Professor Pousé?’ said the Pope. Stanley took up the question wrongly; fancying the Pope was asking if Stanley, then an Oxford Professor, was *épousé*, married. Stanley was just going to be married: so in a somewhat confused way he stated that Oxford Professors might marry, but that he had not done so. Whereupon the Pope, impatiently: ‘That is not what I mean: I want to know how is the Professor Pousé?’ The friends replied that he was very well. Then the Pope summed up. ‘Ah, the Professor Pousé is like une cloche, a church-bell. He induces others to enter the Church, but he stays outside himself.’

At this time it was very commonly put about that Stanley was shortly to be a Bishop: perhaps even Archbishop: not of Dublin, but of Canterbury. Pearson’s remark to me was, ‘Very likely a Bishop. I should say, very unlikely to be Archbishop.’ That evening the two friends talked of an idea which had suggested

itself to Stanley, who was eager for the drawing together of the two Established Churches of Britain. Tulloch had said, in his frank way, that he would have no objection to receive Anglican orders: not as casting any doubt on the validity of those of the Kirk, but simply as the legal qualification to minister in English parish-churches; not to name the holding of English preferment. So some shadowy notion, never to come to anything, occurred, that a few Scotch parsons of the highest standing might in this sense be re-ordained: and, still holding their charges in the Church of Scotland, be made Canons of English Cathedrals. The thing would not have been popular in Scotland. I remember with what bitterness a good man said, hearing one of our best men named as conceivably so placed: 'Give him a few hundreds a year more, and he would go over altogether.' Then, on the other side, I heard a Bishop say, ungraciously, 'What would our curates think, if a lot of hungry Scotchmen were to get our prizes?' One could but suggest that a Scotchman, as hungry as any, for when he took his degree he had exactly nothing but what he earned, was at the moment Bishop of London. It was plain that the national jealousy could easily be aroused. Yet two Scots, both sons of the Kirk, were in a little to hold York and Canterbury.

It was this evening that Stanley said, 'I'm a Canon of the shabbiest Cathedral in England: but I'm a Professor of the greatest University in the world.' At length they must go: and in the lingering twilight of the North, I walked up with them through the trees of the Queen Street Gardens. Reaching the top of the hill, I said, 'Now when you are made Bishops or Archbishops, surely you will hold out a hand to us in the Kirk, who are not so very unlike you?' 'Here is a hand,' said Stanley, in his most fervid mood. Pearson said the like: and after that warm grasp we parted. Nobody will care to know: but the number of that house in Great King Street was 78. Pleasant that it was twice 'Poor Thirty-Nine.' And dear. The first dwelling the writer could call his own in fee-simple. Just so dear, that now, after nearly twenty-nine years, that division of Great King Street is barred. As Julius Hare wrote, 'Birth has gladdened it, death has hallowed it.'

There is a gate in Ghent,—I passed beside it:
A threshold there, worn of my frequent feet,
Which I shall cross no more.

There entered Froude, the first house he ever entered in Scotland: there Thorold, no more than Rector of St. Giles': though some of us made sure what was to be. There Tulloch, oftentimes. There Macleod. Coming down the hill to it, Froude told of the Devonshire farmer who, having seen a picture of the walls of Jericho going down, walked round his barn blowing a ram's horn 'till he was like to burst,' with no result at all. But I must not go that way.

From that day onward, H. P. began to write long and interesting letters. But it was not till Shrove Tuesday in 1864 that I beheld Sonning. I was for ten days at St. Giles' Rectory in Bedford Square, already quite home-like: and Pearson wrote that I must come down and end the Carnival with him. On Tuesday, February 9, in the loveliest of frosty sunshine, all the world gleaming, by the Great Western to Twyford: thence, as H. P. said, 'you must Fly.' I never had properly seen such a church and parsonage before. One good of being so starved in the bare sanctuaries then universal in the North, was that one had a quite enthusiastic enjoyment of Anglican beauty. The entrance hall was square, panelled with black oak. Pearson's study was delightful. The dining-room was more like rooms in general: only that round the walls were the portraits of innumerable Bishops. All special friends of H. P. There was a very youthful picture of him the Pope called Vealberfoss: specially odious to that illustrious Prelate. 'Like nothing earthly but a hairdresser's man,' was his criticism: and indeed the hyacinthine locks were much in evidence. Archbishop Longley was there: not so pleasant of aspect as when older. He was the first person I heard preach before the Queen: indeed the only person save one other. I remember the sermon perfectly: it was on 'neither circumcision nor uncircumcision': the conclusion was most beautiful. As I was only sixteen, my opinion was probably of small value. The last glimpse I had of the Primate was singular. In Piccadilly, a horse had fallen: a little crowd was round it. I was driven sharply against a little figure, contemplating the horse. For he had lived long in Yorkshire. It was the Archbishop, quite alone: extremely well dressed: and with the self-same curious glance in his eye which Pius IX. had. I hastened to take off my hat: but no one else knew the good man. What facts H. P. knew about the dignitaries of Anglicanism! That day, specially, how they were impoverished by the awful expenses of coming in to their places. But the apartment which stands out in memory in the Vicarage

was the drawing-room. Black oak from floor to ceiling: and when lighted up with wax candles (H. P. would have no other light in it), the warm dark home-like glow was never to be forgotten. The record of that departed day is brief. 'Perfect church and parsonage: Pearson kindest of men. My ideal of a place to live in.' I had to be at St. Giles' next morning, Ash Wednesday, to hear Thorold and his curates 'do the cursin' to a moderate congregation: I never so grudged the rapid passing of the day.

There were three curates: two of them English, and quite charming: the third Scotch, and not wholly so to a countryman. They were taught to address the Vicar as *Hugh*. The sweetest-natured of men had his ways. The Scotsman lived out in the country: the other two in a charming cottage-dwelling in the beautiful village. Of the church it need only be said that Stanley had not said a word too much of it. Pearson got it in sad estate: but he restored it. They were the first pillars of chalk I had ever seen. When I spoke enthusiastically of the loveliness of 'kirk and manse,' H. P. replied, 'Ah, the living is but three hundred a year: think, when I go, of a vicar with six children and only the living!' We went into the school. Very pleasant, the pretty healthy children rising with a word of welcome. The Christmas decorations were still there. Church and vicarage are close together, in the same enclosure. And under the church's shadow, Pearson quietly pointed to his father's grave. The beautiful Thames flows by, surprisingly small: a quaint old bridge near. Here it was that Bishop Wilberforce, when weary, came for a quiet Sunday: and was happy. I thought Pearson, that day, the happiest of men. The devotion to him of his curates was delightful to see. But though his acquaintance was so wide, there was one friend who stood first: the talk went continually back to *Arthur*.

Much was said that day of friendly alliance if not actual incorporation of the two National Churches. We all knew how Bishop Wordsworth, preaching at the re-opening of Chichester Cathedral, had taken for his text 'I beseech Euodias, and beseech Syntyche, that they be of the same mind in the Lord': the E and S standing for England and Scotland. One was in perfect harmony with the three born and bred Anglicans. The only jar was when the curate came who had been born and bred in the Kirk, and when he began to ridicule the heroic Communion in which his father at that time abode. 'I'm a placed minister!'

he said, sarcastically. The term, *a placed minister*, implying one set in full charge of a parish, did not appear to me in itself more ridiculous than the synonymous term, *a beneficed clergyman*. It is a Scotticism, no doubt: in use among the less educated: even as *Auld Lang Syne* is Scotch for *Old Long Since*. Then, with a laugh as at something very barbarous, the Scot (whose speech bewrayed him though he assured me he was entirely an Englishman) went on to state that when staying with his father in Edinburgh, the father would come in from church and say *We had Veitch to-day*. I informed him that I had heard an eminent lawyer, coming from the Temple Church, say *We had Vaughan this morning*: and I could see nothing in the statement to laugh at. Then H. P. suppressed his subordinate: and explained to me afterwards (what I had already surmised) that no one minded what he said. I really cannot abide the Scot who, before the Saxon, tries to burlesque the Church in which he was born. Conscientious conviction (with however little reason) that it is no Church at all, I blame not. And between Liddon and myself, it made no severance. But when a native Scot, the son of an Elder of the Kirk, begins to talk to me of 'a God-appointed ministry and a man-appointed ministry,' it makes a gulf. And gazing upon him, I recall Carlyle's downright words to a Scot ashamed of his country, 'Oh man, ye're a puir, wratched, meeserable crater.'

The little breeze of controversy lasted but a minute: and when we ascended to that beautiful drawing-room H. P. had so many interesting things to tell of eminent persons heard of but never seen, that it was hard to go, though returning to the very kindest of friends. And next day it was made apparent to the Scot that even south of the Tweed days in the calendar are not always regarded. For after Commination Service at St. Giles', and a fitting sermon from him who was to be Bishop of Winchester, the Day of Ashes ended cheerfully with a dinner-party of twenty-four in the hospitable dwelling of Mr. William Longman, where were many eminent men. Here were Froude and Ormsby, already well known. And I had my only glimpse of Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, afterwards a judge. I had read a brilliant paper by him in *Fraser* on my journey up, wherein he laid down the sound principle that you should help a man, as far as may be, through painful duty. But the illustration abides in memory, painfully. 'We must not grudge the hangman his glass of brandy.' The history of that evening records that the fare was

not Lenten. And I remember well how Mr. Longman, not knowing how elevated above all prejudice we are in Scotland, made some apology for asking me on that penitential day. Just the year before, Froude being with us in Edinburgh, I asked an old curate of his father's to meet him: but received a solemn statement that he could not dine out on a Friday in Lent. On that day Dean Ramsay came to dinner without hesitation. Perhaps he ought not, that saintly man, on being told of the good parson's scruples, to have held up both his hands, exclaiming: *What a fool!* Of course, it was a quiet gathering of some dozen men only, to meet the illustrious historian.

That was my first view of H. P. in his beautiful home. I was to know it well: and fain would expatiate. But my space is brief; and I must select occasions which stand out in memory. One such was May 9, 1877. My daughter and I spent that sunshiny day at Sonning: where it is recorded that 'Church and house surpassed recollection.' Pearson, as ever, the kindest of hosts: but the kind face was sad as we walked about on the turf, he bewailing the young friend who had come not to believe anything. I never saw Pearson look so sorrowful: but he brightened up, by-and-by. The forenoon was spent in and about the church: after luncheon to see the good old Miss Palmer, H. P.'s warm friend and supporter, in the grand house near. John Locke was of her race: and it was strange, in the quiet library, to turn over Newton's *Principia*, bearing in a beautiful hand that it was the gift of the author. Then we drove to see the church where Tennyson was married, and to a most beautiful little church which H. P. had lately built. I was staying in London for a fortnight's rest: Pearson said I must go to St. Paul's next day, Ascension Day, to hear Dean Church. I always shrink from pushing myself on any great man: but Pearson insisted on giving me a letter of introduction, which I can testify was effectual. For having left it at the Deanery along with my card (I would not enter in), within a few hours the Dean called, I being out, and left the kindest of letters giving me choice of three days to dine with him. Three curates dined with the beloved 'Hugh' that day: very unwillingly we drove away near 8 P.M. to Twyford. I was to have another glimpse soon. On Tuesday, May 15, a very gloomy day, I went early to Windsor for a long day with the ever-charming Mrs. Oliphant. By extraordinary luck, at Slough Pearson came into the carriage: just made Canon of St. George's. I see the bright face as he exclaimed, 'Some inspiration brought us

here together': it was a happy inspiration for me. More than once he wrote to that effect: each of us had hesitated about moving on that dark morning; and next day I had the long journey to Edinburgh. Never was H. P. brighter, happier, kinder, than on that memorable day. I must not speak of Eton, whither Mrs. Oliphant took me; and where Tarver, Tulloch's son-in-law, showed me everything: that would demand a lengthy chapter. But all the afternoon about the Castle, and St. George's, with Pearson. H. P.'s house was most quaint and delightful: it seemed too much for humanity that any mortal should have, within an hour of one another, two such dwellings as Sonning Vicarage and the Canon's house in Windsor Castle. But nothing could be too good for Pearson. When I went back to London, and spoke of those houses to Stanley, the Dean said, fervently, 'Ah, the man and the mountain have met!' Pearson took me to the Deanery, and introduced me to Dean Wellesley. I saw the room where the body of Charles I. lay the night before its burial: the queer squint through which, in the Dean's study, you commanded the High Altar in the Chapel: the Wolsey Chapel, and everything about the grand church itself. Well I remember, as a boy, thinking the Princess Charlotte's monument fine: now it appeared hideous. And H. P. said, 'Isn't it sad that this horrible thing is the most admired by visitors about St. George's?' Dean Wellesley was frankness itself: I believe he was not always so. Most interesting of all it was when Pearson, the Dean, and the lowly writer walked up and down long time on the terrace above the 'Slopes:' well known of old to readers of that daily chronicle so dear to Thackeray. It was a charming scene. The trees below were growing into clouds of intense green. Below stretched the watery plain, Eton chapel standing out grandly. The heights of Harrow made the horizon; the two famous schools so near. How much the Dean said of extreme interest to an outsider to hear. And with what gusto he related a recent incident in the life of a good Canon, then in residence, whose brother had been several times Prime Minister. For absence of mind, and forgetfulness of time and place, surely that benignant dignity was hard to parallel. Still, it was rather mischievous to walk up and down with him, outside the famous sanctuary, for twenty minutes after the hour of a service at which he had to be present, giving him no warning: and then, when choir and congregation had been kept so long waiting, to suddenly demand if he were going to church, and mark him tear away in breathless

horror. It appeared, indeed, that it was a needful lesson: the neglect being habitual. But it might have killed the aged lord. On this day H. P. departed for Sonning, as 4.30 approached: and the Dean and I were punctual. I wondered if anybody really cared as much for the Knights of the Garter as the prayers implied. And I thought of the wise remark of one set high: that though perhaps a Sovereign could not be prayed for too much, it might be too often. The speaker ought to know.

Everybody knows that Stanley was elected Lord Rector of our University, and, following Froude's example, gave two addresses to the students. Pearson had written to me: 'I was in town, with Stanley, when the telegram arrived, greeting him Lord Rector. It is very satisfactory. I wonder whether I shall be able to hear his inaugural address. Now I am tied more than ever.' H. P. heard neither of his friend's discourses: but he made a visit to St. Andrews, far too short, coming with the Rector to the election of a Professor. It was the year before those May glimpses of Pearson. Everything comes back so vividly, that it is hard to think it is so long ago as Wednesday, August 2, 1876. I had a great carriage waiting at our awfully shabby station (now worthily replaced): and brought up Stanley, H. P., and Lord Elgin, who was Lady Augusta's nephew and Stanley's Assessor in the University Court. He was but a youth then, bright-looking but silent. To-day he is Viceroy of India, as was his father too. Pearson stayed with us: Stanley with Tulloch: Lord Elgin had to go to a hotel. Both Stanley and Pearson looked specially cheery. It was a beautiful day: like the famous 'August the third' of Bret Harte. Every corner of the little City was lovingly dwelt upon, and leisurely. The election took but a minute: then Stanley and Lord Elgin joined us: and we were quite a large party, all enthusiastic, as was fit. You may go round our ruins when it is cold weather: but you will not see them. It must be warm: that you may linger. We had a Bishop with us: one of the early Suffragans. But, as Sydney Smith remarked, 'Even Sodor and Man is better than nothing.' Willingly could I linger upon the story of that day: it has all come back. Tea here: then Stanley to rest, H. P. and I a turn on the grand sandy beach. 'So different from Sonning. Grand. Norway over there. It was an interesting party at dinner here that evening. Besides my wife and me, only Stanley, Pearson, Mr. Whyte Melville (the Novelist's father, my chief Heritor), Tulloch, Professor Campbell, and Lord Elgin. Well I remember Pearson's con-

sternation when I said to him that the Earl was such a youth, besides being Stanley's subordinate in the Court, that I thought I should make Stanley take my wife to dinner. H. P. had a deep respect for the proprieties: and he assured me that in England such a thing might not be. It did not occur, in fact, in Scotland. Stanley was quiet, at first: the blow had fallen on him. But before the end of the evening he was brilliant. No other word will do. Tulloch and he departed at 11: but very far into the night did Pearson's flow of charming talk and reminiscence go on. He liked to speak of the eminent men he had known to one who sympathised. It was that night he said he grudged to grow old: Church and world were more and more interesting. The next forenoon was memorable. When I came down in the morning, the benignant descendant of Robert the Bruce was smiling before my study fire. He had to go by an early train, and wished to have more of H. P. I do not think he could have gone had he known what the day would bring forth. In a little, Stanley and Tulloch came. I knew Arthur's likings: and had the brightest of blazing fires. Stanley stood right in front of it: and blazed brighter by far. I never heard him so eloquent. He poured himself out: he dilated in the warmth which was life to him. Tulloch, H. P., and I sat and listened. What things we heard! Ah, there, this morning, is the fire: but the eager little figure, alert from head to foot, and the beautiful face, are gone. And H. P. and Tulloch are long away. At 1.30 we all lunched with Tulloch. And at 3.30 all drove down to the railway: and Stanley and Pearson departed for Megginch, which to A. P. S. was specially dear. I could fill all the pages allotted me with my recollections of that morning's marvellous talk.

The like may be said of my last visit to H. P. at Windsor in the last May he lived: 1881. I was going on my yearly visit to Bishop Thorold; sixteen times now without a break: 'quite the best of May meetings,' was the hierarchical jest. Like divers kind old bachelors, H. P. was specially pleasant to young women: and having learnt that my daughter was in London, he hastened to call; and heard where I was going. His residence at Windsor was to begin on May 1. He went on, in his life-like way, 'It will be cheering to see you, and I will ask some of the Eton people to dinner. A glorious Easter Day here, and the best services I ever remember. There were 101 at the 8 o'clock communion, and nearly as many afterwards: very cheering, considering that my whole population is only 750. So the great man is gone from us,

and with him all the romance of politics. What a gap his death makes!' Still, trouble could come, even to Sonning. In another letter, 'We have had a great loss here since I wrote to you, in the death of my kind friend and squire, Richard Palmer. He succeeded his brother, whom you remember. Now there remains only one sister, the best person I have ever known, or now ever expect to know. If I should survive her, I should give up then, and retire for the rest of my days to some cottage (perhaps in a disestablished church), for I could not begin with a new *régime* here.'

But I have recorded elsewhere¹ about a twentieth part of the history of that visit: and dare not expatiate now. Ah, Dean Wellesley's revelations! How many things they have suggested to me, ever since! Things (sometimes) come right. But that Wednesday May 18 was a day of rain like that of Loch Awe, and but that Pearson had a christening in London, I should not have had that unforgettable walk with the great Knower of secrets in Church and State. I can but recall Coleridge's lines:

How seldom, Friend! a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth, with all his worth and pains!
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits,
Or any merit that which he obtains.

When we parted next day, after service at St. George's, there was no thought it was for the last time. Nor did we know that Stanley had just two months to come of this life. His day was July 18. And though he spoke eagerly to Pearson, in departing, the words could not be understood: and Pearson was not suffered to see the changed face. The Deanery of Westminster was pressed on Pearson when Stanley died. But he wrote that he was not the man at all. Many of us thought he was the very man. One has known good men in whose case one would have suspected some illusion, had they said they had declined the Deanery ('the best thing in the Church of England,' was Bishop Wilberforce's word, once himself Dean): much more the Archbishopric, like another whom I have named. Though H. P. brightened, fitfully, in the remaining months which were given him, the great interest had gone from life when Arthur died. It was like himself that H. P. went: so beloved, so loving. 'Unexpected this. But God's will, and therefore best. Yet it

¹ *Twenty-Five Years of St. Andrews*: Vol. II. pp. 140-4.

is a bitter wrench to leave all you dear ones.' Poor Michael Bruce, dying at twenty, had anticipated the feeling. 'I leave the world without a tear, Save for the friends I held so dear.'

Of the little party, far more than friends, of that long memorable forenoon here in this room at St. Andrews, Stanley went first: Pearson nine months after him. Then Tulloch, more than eight years since. I alone remain. The youngest then: but this day older than any one of them lived to be.

Thinking of Stanley's resting-place in the great Abbey, and of Pearson's under the green turf in Sonning churchyard, one remembers how on that day I found that Stanley had (strange to say) never heard of Beattie's fine verse which contrasts two such-like. He was much impressed by it when read to him; and he took away a copy of it to be put in the next edition of his *Memorials of Westminster Abbey*. But the next edition had not been called for when A. P. S. died.

Let Vanity adorn the marble tomb
With trophies, rhymes, and scutcheons of renown,
In the deep dungeon of some Gothic dome,
Where night and desolation ever frown:
Mine be the breezy hill, that skirts the down,
Where a green grassy turf is all I crave,
With here and there a violet bestrown,
Fast by a brook or fountain's murmuring wave;
And many an evening sun shine sweetly on my grave.

A. K. H. B.

Apologia pro Scriptis Suis.

'On doit des égards aux vivants.'—VOLTAIRE.

'WHAT is it, then,'—some reader asks,
 'What is it that attaches
 Your fancy so to fans and masks,—
 To periwigs and patches?

'Is Human Life to-day so poor,—
 So bloodless,—you disdain it,
 To "galvanise" the Past once more?'
 —Permit me. I'll explain it.

This Age, I grant (and grant with pride),
 Is varied, rich, eventful;
 But, if you touch its weaker side,
 Is prone to be resentful.

Belaud it, and it takes your praise
 With air of calm conviction;
 Condemn it, and at once you raise
 A storm of contradiction.

Whereas with these old Shades of mine,
 Their ways and dress delight me;
 And should I trip by word or line,
 They cannot well indict me.

Not that I mean them harm. I seek
 To steer 'twixt blame and blindness;
 I strive (as some one said in Greek)
 To speak the truth with kindness:

But, should I fail to render clear
 Their title, rank, or station,
 I still may sleep secure, nor fear
 A suit for defamation.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

A Pot o' Beer.

BY MRS. STEPHEN BATSON, AUTHOR OF 'DARK :
A TALE OF THE DOWN COUNTRY.'

GEORGE CRIPPS was merely the younger brother of Eli. That is how he was known in his own parish—as Eli Cripps's younger brother.

Eli was thirty years old, and was already a widower ; he had married in his early manhood a widow who kept a prosperous public-house, and on her death he found life so very pleasant and easy that he hesitated to bring home a new mistress, who might, perhaps, limit his potations as his first wife had done. This was a possibility to be considered, and Eli had considered it for at least three years.

The widow's first red heat of love had dimmed in a very short time, and to Eli it appeared that her only object in life had been to keep him short of the one thing his soul desired—beer. She had taken him from the plough-tail, and elevated him to the position of king consort at the Malt Shovel Inn, because she had fallen in love with his bold black eyes and manly proportions. But the black eyes had soon ceased to afford her the slightest interest, and she showed the change by docking him of his beer in a ruthless manner. Two pints a day and whatever might be offered him by those who drank at the bar, this was his meagre allowance. Mrs. Cripps kept the purse and she drew the strings tight. She kept the key of the beer-barrel and drew the beer herself for her thirsty clients, and she drew no more than two pints a day for her Eli.

When Eli quitted the plough-tail for the Malt Shovel he left his younger brother George working on his old master's farm as a carter boy ; and although he was now a grown man, George was still only a carter, and not even a head carter, for, alas ! he, too,

was fond of his beer. He was a good workman and industrious to an extent considered highly reprehensible by his fellow-labourers, and he was trustworthy, except when he was drunk, which was not more than once or twice a month on the average. His industry preserved his situation to him ; his unsteadiness hindered his promotion. He was still only second carter, and his wages were but ten shillings a week. He lived with his mother in the old home at Wickfield, while Eli's public-house was a mile away in the twin hamlet of Welfield, which made the complement of the parish to which the latter village gave its name.

It was on the annual holiday, to which past inhabitants had given the title of 'Wickvell Veast,' that the astonishing vision of Polly Etwell burst upon Eli and his brother George. It was the same Polly who had been in the infants' room at school when George incontinently quitted the fourth standard on the completion of his thirteenth year. He had never been able to pass out of that standard until the age limit permitted him to do so, for his was not a brilliant intellect—poor George ! It was the same Polly who had secured as her first little place the responsible post of maid-of-all-work in the farmer's kitchen at the mature age of twelve, for Polly had passed her fourth standard and released herself from the trammels of compulsory education as early as a paternal Government would permit her to do. But what a different and glorified Polly it was now !

Her later years had been spent in service on the other side of the county, and she had come home for Wickvell Veast, after an absence which had worked wonders in her face and figure, as it seemed to Eli and George.

'Ellook'ee, Eli !' said George, as they stood near the slowing swing-boats and watched the girls prepare to descend. He nudged his brother vehemently with his elbow as he spoke. Some of the girls had their sweethearts with them, but in Polly Etwell's swing-boat there were only girls. They had no sweethearts yet.

Polly jumped out and stood before them, her fair hair untidy with the swift passage through the air, and her cheeks flushed with a lovely glow. Her blue eyes danced with the lingering excitement of her aerial voyage as she faced the brothers, and Eli, who was the quicker witted of the two, exclaimed—

'Well, if 't'ent Polly Etwell !'

'An' 'tis Jarge Cripps sure enough,' said Polly, looking at the younger brother with some admiration in her blue eyes, for

George was fair, and rosy, and handsome, though shy withal and decidedly countrified in appearance.

'You ain't forgot me, Polly, I hopes,' said Eli reproachfully.

'Indeed I hev',' said Polly pertly, 'but I minds Jarge Cripps well enough: he used to give me apples at Sunday School—didn't you, Jarge?'

'A-ah!' drawled George with slow assent.

'Well, I be his brother Eli,' said Mr. Cripps with some vexation.

'If you'd ever give me any apples p'r'aps I'd ha' remembered,' said Polly, smiling again at George.

'Tis I could gie you apples now, an' not Jarge,' retorted Eli irritably.

'So I understands, Mr. Cripps, but mebbe I've lost my taste for 'em. Ain't you gwine to ask your old schoolfellow to hev' a ride on the horses, Jarge?' she continued, turning her back on Eli. George, rosier even than usual with pride, and coyness, and the fear of the banter which must result in the evening at the Barley Mow, yielded to her radiant charm, and paid down twopence like a man for the pleasure of a ride with Polly.

After the ride he took her the round of the booths, and Polly was the richer by a large packet of spice nuts, a pocket comb, and sundry other trifles; while George's scantily lined pockets grew more and more empty, and his heart more and more full of love and admiration for the sweetheart who had given her love first to him.

Polly Etwell did not return to her situation. George and Eli met constantly at her father's house and nearly came to blows more than once on the subject of Polly. The walking out together, which is the first symptom of a rustic courtship in Oakshire, was a little difficult to arrange: urged by her newly discovered affection Polly was only desirous of walking with George, but constrained by her father and mother she was forced to yield at least some of her favours to Eli. She walked with George on three week-day evenings, and with Eli on the other three, but she walked with George on Sundays.

It is certain that George had the privilege of taking many kisses during those summer twilight strolls, but Eli was obliged to content himself with an occasional rape of her sweet, pouting lips when Polly was less than usual on her guard. Even then the theft was hardly worth the price paid for it. Polly dared not

dismiss her unwelcome admirer, but she sulked when he displeased her, and he displeased her every other day. His walks with her were not all joy to him, and the worst of it was he knew they were not any joy at all to Polly. Under the circumstances it behoved him to act with promptitude and firmness, and to take his unwilling sweetheart at a disadvantage.

One evening, therefore, he presented himself at her father's cottage, and instead of inviting her for a walk he sat down and smoked with Amos Etwell for the best part of an hour. Then, when the babies had been put to bed, and while the boys were still enjoying their evening game of cricket on the neighbouring green, Eli spoke.

Mrs. Etwell had sat down by the kitchen table to mend the children's stockings, and Polly was standing in the doorway watching the gathering clouds which were coming up fast from the west. Eli's voice roused her.

'Wilt come in, Polly, an' hear what I be gwine to say to thy feyther an' mother?'

Polly looked round with a startled air, and made as though she would have rushed out into the dim twilight of the garden.

'Come in!' said her father; 'don't 'ee hear Mr. Cripps a-talkin' to 'ee?'

She came in, and betrayed her fear and weakness in the inevitable way of woman—she sat down.

'I be a plain-spoken man,' said Eli to the company in general, 'an' what I says I means. Likewise, what I says I sticks to. Mr. Etwell, an' Mrs. Etwell, likewise Miss Etwell, I be a-minded to get married, if so be 'tis agreeable to you, an' if so be you be a-minded to marry me—meanin' Polly.'

'No, no!' cried Polly feebly, but no one heard her, for her father had burst into a loud expression of satisfaction, and her mother fancied the baby was crying upstairs.

'I med say,' returned Etwell with dignity, when his first indecent exclamation of joy had had time to die away; 'I med say, Mr. Cripps, as 'twas a bit suddent, like, fur you to ax my darter straight out, wi'out kippin' comp'ny fur a bit longer fust. I med say as you was a widder man, an' not best fitted to mate wi' a young maid, an' I med say hafe a score o' other sech-like things—but I wunt. Upon my dicky I wunt do nowt o' the sart. I be main plazed wi' your purposal, an' dally, I be man enough to say so. Gie I your hand, Eli. God bless 'ee.'

'No, no,' murmured Polly again, but she dared say no more

A POT O' BEER.

before her father, who knew how to make himself feared by his family.

'Her be a bit shy, simmin'ly,' said Etwell; 'tis o' 'count o' missin' the comp'ny kippin'. Maids is like that. Gie un a kiss, Poll, an' name the day.'

'No,' said Eli in haste, for he did not want to provoke any expression of her unwillingness, 'I maunt ax too much at fust; us 'll make up for't later—eh, Polly? An' mind, 'tis wi' me you'll be walkin' to-morrer evenin', an' the evenin' arter, an' Sunday too, however. Wilt come over to the Mow, Mr. Etwell, an' drink a glass to Polly's health?'

They went off together, and Polly threw herself on her knees before her mother, and sobbed her heart out on her lap.

'Why, whatever ails the child? There, I believe that baby be wakin' now, drat un!'

'Never mind him, mother; oh, mother, I be so miserable!'

'Lar' bless 'ee, Polly, 'tis pleased an' proud you'd ought to feel. Why, I'm bothered if I'd cry to hae your chances if I was a girl again.'

'Oh, but, mother, mother, I don't love him!'

'So much the better,' said Mrs. Etwell stolidly, 'you wunt feel't so much when he gets drunk.'

'Oh, mother, I can't marry un; tell feyther I can't marry un.'

'Tis the baby,' exclaimed the mother, getting up from her chair and laying down the stocking she had never ceased to darn; 'let go o' my skirt, an' don't 'ee be a fool, Polly. Why, in a year's time 'twunt sinnify who you've married, so fur as love goes. Men be ahl alike, 'ceptin' some on 'em be richer than others, an' they be the ones to marry. Let me go, Polly.'

The mother went upstairs to her youngest born, who absorbed nearly all the affection her hard life left her the power of bestowing; and Polly rushed out into the summer night to look for George and confide her grief to him. She found him smoking outside his mother's cottage, and threw herself into his arms for the first time since those far-away days when she paid for his apples with her kisses.

'Oh, Jarge, Jarge,' she cried, 'dost know your Eli wants to marry me? an' I hate him.'

'Then thee shattent marry un, my dear.'

'Will you marry me, Jarge?'

'Lar', Polly, how can I marry arra one? I ent got nowt to marry on, be't how 'twull.'

'Oh, Jarge, do marry me! You love me—you've told me so, times a-many. Didn't you mean it, Jarge?'

'A-ah, my dear, I meant it sure enough,' said George, slowly and deliberately as usual. It was not in his nature to be carried away by excitement or agitation—not even by Polly's agitation—for he was what is termed in Oakshire country circles a solid young man.

'Then, dear Jarge, you will marry me, won't you? I looks to you to save me from Eli,' and she put her arm round his neck, and pressed her cheek on his to weaken his resolution. George held the arm in its place, being minded to enjoy his brief bliss; and he managed very successfully to convey his appreciation of the proximity of her soft, tear-dewed cheek, but he would not commit himself to a promise of matrimony.

'Look 'ee here,' he drawled in his Wessex speech, though his heart beat a little faster than usual, out of his real affection for Polly, 'look 'ee here, my dear. If I'd a-had any money I'd ha' axed 'ee to kip comp'ny a'most as soon as I seed 'ee. But I ent got narn; times is 'thurt, or summat, an' I aint put by a penny fur furniture an' sech-like, same as some chaps be able to do. There ent no cottage to let, an' if there was steward 'ouldn't let un to ma. 'Em don't trust ma, Polly, an' 'em don't unnerconstumble ma, 'wevver.'

'Tis the drink, Jarge,' murmured Polly.

'Tis the drink or summat,' assented George without shame.

'But you baint never awk'ard when you be drunk, like some.'

'Never!' agreed her lover with pride. 'I be as easy in drink as out on't. You med ast the wull parish—there ent arrun as can be off seein' it.'

'But Eli be main contrary, an' swears martly. I'd sooner marry you, Jarge.'

It became obvious, even to George's limited capacity, that a stand would have to be made. He could not marry Polly, because he was houseless, chattleless, penniless, and moreover burdened with debt. As he stood there, with his arm round her, and reckoned it up, he knew that he did not owe a farthing less than nine pounds; and what prospect but one of misery could there be for a couple who started on married life with a deficit of nine pounds, of home, goods, everything. He was not a very wise young man, but he was wiser than Polly in this matter.

When he had thought the whole thing over he spoke.

'Polly,' he said gently, 'I'll do fur 'ee what I never thought

to do fur arra one. But I loves 'ee, my dear. I caint marry you, fur I aint got nowt to marry on, but you shall be my sweetheart, an' I'll give up the drink an' save the money. An' some day—some day, Polly——'

'Oh, some day, Jarge——' said Polly, sobbing vehemently on his shoulder.

'Some day, Polly, us 'll go to church, an' parson 'll tie us up, an' then—then——'

'Then, Jarge?'

'Then, Polly, you'll let I take to the beer again, wunt 'ee?'

Polly still sobbed on his shoulder, but not distressfully.

'You wunt deny ma, will you?' asked George entreatingly.

'No, I wunt deny you,' said his sweetheart.

'An' you'd best go out again to sarvice,' continued practical George, 'an' arn a few pounds, an' I'll put by ahl as I can get together, an' when I can get the weddin' ring——'

'When thee's got the weddin' ring 'twunt be fur my darter,' cried a voice of fury in George's ear. 'My darter be fur Eli Cripps, an' fur narn other—not fur a gallus chuckle-yeaded radical like thee, 'wevver. Come home, Polly.'

'Oh, father, I loves him! Oh, father, I can't marry Eli!'

'There'll be monkey's 'lowance for tha, my gurl, if I hears more o' thy chacklin,' said Etwell significantly. 'Goo on home.'

And fearful of his violence, without another word to George, Polly did go home.

George went home, too, instead of paying his usual visit to the Barley Mow.

With a serene disregard of the wishes of her parents and Eli Cripps, Polly went out to service again, and came back in a year's time for a holiday at 'Wickvell Veast.'

George treated her to another pocket-comb, having ascertained that the former one had become aged and well-nigh toothless; but he would not pay down twopence for a ride on the galloping horses with Polly.

'I be kippin' my money fur a puppuss,' he said with his old stolidity.

'Then you can't marry me yet, Jarge,' she said, and a tear stood in each of her blue eyes.

'Naw,' returned her sweetheart.

'Shall I go out to service again?'

'A-ah.'

'How much hev' you saved, Jarge?'

'I ain't saved nowt, but I've a-paid my debts, pretty nigh.'

Polly went back to her situation for another year. It was a longer year than the last, for she had fewer letters from George. It was not that he was forgetting her, she knew very well; it was merely that he chose to put away the pennies instead of spending them on postage-stamps. One Saturday night, when his work was finished, he put on his best clothes—they had been best for two years, and were getting woefully shabby now—and tramped the breadth of half a county to see Polly. He tramped back again on the Sunday night, having spent a delirious day in the farmhouse kitchen over which she presided, and he was the first man at work on the farm the next morning.

No; Polly knew he had not forgotten her, but the time seemed long.

Her mistress allowed her to go home again for Wickvell Veast, and George took her round the fair, and together they spent some hours rapt in admiration of the gaily-decked booths.

'Hev' you got your pocket-comb?' asked George, after lengthened consideration and much searching of heart at his contemplated extravagance.

'Lar', yes, Jarge; 'tis as good as new. 'Twas a threepenny one, and lasts as long again as the other one did.'

'Then I needn't buy 'ee another,' remarked George with evident relief. 'I be savin' fur a puppuss.'

'Hev' you saved much, Jarge?'

'Enough fur the kitchen,' said he.

'An' I've saved enough for the pots an' pans, an' the crockery. But my wages bain't much when I've dressed myself respectable.'

'Don't you trouble, Poll,' said he cheerfully; 'I'll hae enough fur the bedroom furnitur', an' the ring, an' the oddses come Michaelmas twelvemonth. An' then, Polly, we'll get married, an' then—then—'

'Yes, Jarge?'

'An' then I'll take to my beer again—eh, my dear?'

'Yes, Jarge,' said Polly contentedly.

She came home again at the beginning of winter to nurse her father, who had met with an accident. His tendon Achillis had been injured by the spade of a fellow-labourer, and he could not use his foot nor stir from his elbow-chair at the fireside. Mrs. Etwell was unable to look after eight children, and nurse her husband, and keep the house tidy without assistance. So Polly was sent for.

The injured man was fractious and irritable, and impatient of his ill-fortune. He was not in a club, and had not laid by a penny. Before a week had passed Polly had drawn upon her scanty savings, and in a month they were half gone. Food was needed, firing was dear; no one had any money except Polly, and to her purse they all looked in their need.

Eli would come occasionally and chat with Etwell; and sometimes one neighbour, sometimes another would drop in of an evening to listen to the tale of woe. Etwell was never tired of reciting it.

'You knows the string in a leg o' mutton?' he would say to each sympathising friend.

'Ah.'

'Well, I've broke that string.'

Moreover, as the weeks went by the doctor dared to say what at first he could not bring himself to reveal. He told Etwell that he would be a cripple for life, and Polly and her mother found existence a hard matter for many days afterwards. Adversity had no softening effect on the father's temper. Over the washtub the two would wonder how it all was going to end; the elder boys were gaining a scant wage apiece, and their earnings, with Polly's money, were only sufficient to keep the family out of debt. How would it be when Polly's money was gone?

'Tis a blessin' to git your arms into the lather,' said Mrs. Etwell with relief, as she plunged into the soapy water that held the week's wash at which her daughter had been standing half the morning. 'Tis peace an' comfort fur a bit, anyhow, when you be over your elbers in suds. *There's* the baker, drat un, just as I'd a-got settled in. Oh, I could write a book!'

'Why don't you, mother?' said Polly with a faint smile. 'It med bring us in a few pence.'

'Mebbe I will someday, when I've a-got the time,' returned Mrs. Etwell as she rubbed the lather from her arms and dried them—'if so be I ever *gits* the time,' she added.

In Mrs. Etwell's opinion leisure was the one thing needful for proficiency in the arts—leisure, with patience. The school-master, who was fond of water-colour painting, had showed her once a sketch of her cottage, which he had laboriously accomplished.

'Lar', Mr. Bunce,' she had said, 'I'd never hae the patience to do that if I was to live to a hunderd.'

'There's something wanted besides patience,' said the school-master, with natural irritation.

'Lar' yes, Mr. Bunce—time; I aint got time nor patience for sech things, or mebbe I'd hae a try at 'em.'

After settling with the baker, and taking in the enormous quantity of bread required for the week's consumption in a house where bread is the chief article of diet, she returned to the tub again with a sigh of relief.

'Polly,' she said, 'how much money hev' you got left?'

Polly told her.

'Eight shillin' fur bread next week, an' two hunderd o' coal I must hae to-morrer—another hafe-crownd. I owes Mr. Brisket three an' nine fur beef fur your feyther.'

'I'll pay him this evenin',' said Polly with a sigh.

'An' buy another two pound, my dear, an' I'll make it last un a week or more. An' another eight shillin' fur bread in a fortnit's time—there wunt be but a few pence left of your money then, my dear.'

'No, mother.'

'Shall us come to the parish, I wonders?' said Mrs. Etwell bitterly. 'I'd sooner go to the House, anyhow, than live in debt, be 't how 'twull.'

Polly only groaned.

'An' Eli Cripps still willin',' continued the mother. 'I heerd un say so a Sunday, however. A warm man as'd 'low your feyther a few shillin's now an' again till times got better.'

A splash or two into the tub was the only answer; they were Polly's tears which fell in great drops, for she could not spare a hand to wipe them away.

'Don't, mother,' she whispered.

'Don't, moother,' repeated Mrs. Etwell with spirit. 'Tis me as should say Don't, an' not my darter, I'm thinkin'. Don't be a fool, Polly, that's what I says. Look at thy feyther as hev' turned to a 'nota-my on earth wi' worry, an' if you don't feel meek-hearted at the sight of un you be an unnat'ral darter. An' in a year's time if me an' thy young sisters baint in the House we'll be 'shamed to walk down the street fur fear summun should holler out "Who be that there swing-rag?" 'Taint on'y the bad times as be here now—'tis the bad times as is comin' that I werries about.'

'But I loves Jarge,' murmured Polly.

'Love wunt keep a house a-goin', let alone two houses, an' a

feyther an' moother an' little innercent brothers an' sisters. Love be right enough when there be other things to match un, but a wunt stand alone, love wunt. It takes a deal o' proppin' to keep love 'pright. It be a main ricketty concern, love be, an' so I tells 'ee,' said Mrs. Etwell in a final tone, as she went away to get the midday meal ready for her hungry children.

The next Sunday Polly walked out with Eli.

She did not, in so many words, give George his *congé*; it was not the way of her world, and perhaps she could not bear the pain of an explanation for herself or for him. She merely agreed to Eli's proposal that they should take a walk together.

Some officious neighbour went and told George, and he met the couple as they returned in the gathering dusk of the short winter afternoon to Etwell's cottage.

He was angry and miserable, for he guessed the truth; but, with his old stolidity, he said calmly as he came up with the two:

'I called for 'ee, Polly, but you was gone.'

'Hey, Jarge!' said his brother gaily. 'Did you think Polly was your sweetheart? You was martly mistook, weren't he, Poll? 'Tis her an' me as be gwine to make a match on't, and the banns 'll be called a Sunday. Gie I a buss, Polly, to show Jarge I be thy sweetheart.'

He caught her in his arms and kissed her, but George threw himself between them and thrust them apart with violence.

'Tis a lie!' he cried.

'Be you gwine to marry me, Polly?' said Eli, appealing to her.

'Yes,' said Polly faintly.

'What did I tell 'ee?' said Eli triumphantly as he turned to his brother.

'An' I tells you,' said George slowly, in a white heat of rage—'I tells you that the day you marries her murder will be done. Thy blood be on thine own head, Eli! What I says I sticks to.'

He turned on his heel and went away down the road, and Polly fled to her own cottage and saw no more that evening of either of her lovers.

Polly's few remaining shillings were not spent on bread. Mrs. Etwell insisted that she should procure her daughter a new bonnet, a pair of white cotton gloves, a sprig of orange-blossom to be married in. She did the shopping herself and laid out the money to wonderful advantage; but Polly took no interest in the

things that were put carefully by under a clean handkerchief. She shuddered when she went to the cupboard and saw their outline beneath the white linen, and, if her imagination had been a cultivated one, the little heap would probably have reminded her of a winding-sheet, and suggested sadly to her the burial of her young dreams of love and happiness. But Polly had not much imagination, and the ridgy handkerchief merely told her each time she saw it that her wedding was a day nearer than it had been yesterday. Poor Polly!

The three weeks flew by, and one bright Saturday afternoon she stood with Eli Cripps before the altar of the little church on the hill, and took him as her husband for better, for worse, while he, in his turn, covenanted to share with her all his worldly possessions. He did not follow very closely the words of the Prayer-book—he did not altogether understand them—but he said boldly, 'Wi' all my hurdle-goods I, thee, and thou,' when the time came, and he honestly regarded it as a covenant between himself, his wife, and the parson. The parson, who knew the ways of his people and their little learning, was content to let the words pass, as well as others of more doubtful meaning, and Eli took his wife home to the Malt Shovel.

George had been to market that day with his team, and on the road home he heard the news of the marriage. His master had been shooting all the morning, and was on his way to spend a few hours with a friend when he met George, and gave the trophies of the chase into his care.

'Take 'em home,' he said, 'and give 'em to the missus herself—five rabbits and a hare; and tell her to hang the hare in the kitchen to get it ready to eat to-morrow. And take my gun, and the cartridge-bag, and mind, none o' your games with sparrow-shootin' on the way home. Oh, wait a bit; give a rabbit to your brother's wife with my good wishes. A handsome pair 'em made as they went down from church, for I met 'em. Mind now, no games with the sparrows; I shall count the cartridges when I gets home.'

'All right, sir,' said George, as he laid the game in the loaded waggon and balanced himself on the shaft for his ride home.

If you drive a farm waggon leisurely along a wide road, taking no heed to the reins knotted on the horses' backs, your feet dangling from a shaft on which long habit enables you to preserve an even balance, it is wonderful how much thinking you can do. There is no need to be on the look-out for other vehicles; you

wait till their driver shouts before descending leisurely to your horses' heads and making room for the passer-by. He will abuse you, and will probably swear at you, but you are not discomfited or put out in any way—it is the other man who has suffered; and you are conscious of a pleasing sense of satisfaction as he goes on his way and makes up his mind to write to the local paper on the subject of draymen's insolence. This happened more than once to George as he went homewards, but the current of his thoughts was not disturbed; he balanced himself on the shaft again and buried himself in abstraction.

'I said I'd do't,' he murmured once, 'an' there be the gun.'

He came in sight of the Malt Shovel, and spoke aloud again:

'What I says I sticks to; leastways I allus hev' done so.'

It was getting very dark now, and a lamp was lighted in the parlour of the inn. George looked through the window as he went by, and guided his horses a little beyond, before halting them on a patch of grass by the roadside. He climbed into the waggon and took out something which he had to feel for in the gloom, for it was no longer possible to see. Then he put his burden carefully on the ground while he laid an empty sack over each of the horses, for he was a very thoughtful man and fond of animals.

He picked the thing up from the ground, and stole back as softly as possible to the Malt Shovel, and gazed in at the window. The two inmates of the room could not see him for the brightness of the lamp; and he gazed, and gazed, as though his eyes were glued to the leaded panes. What did he see?

Eli was sitting in the great arm-chair, and on his knee was Polly. There was something hot in a tumbler at Eli's elbow, and as the watcher gazed he saw his brother raise the glass and put it to Polly's lips. She sipped and laughed, and coughed a little as the hot liquid tickled her throat; and then she drank a spoonful more, and Eli kissed her, and she kissed him, and George turned away with a groan.

He went to the open outer door of the inn, and dropped the rabbit he was carrying just inside the passage, and went softly back to his horses.

'She'll be ahl right,' he said to himself a little bitterly, 'she'll be happy enough. I couldn't stick to doin' sech a thing as that, though I did threaten him wi't. 'Twould ha' bin a hangin' matter, too. I reckon I'll stop at the Barley Mow, an' take a pint; no need to go wi'out beer now Polly's married.'

He went on to the Barley Mow and drank something more than a pint. As he came out again into the frosty air, the unaccustomed liquor made him reel and stagger, and he had some ado to get on his shaft for the short journey home. But he balanced himself comfortably, and his head fell forward a little as the sensible, patient horses started for the stable half-way up the hill.

The moon was shining now, and the parson, who was walking home with the schoolmaster, passed the waggon.

'There's no one with those horses,' he said to Mr. Bunce.

'I dare say the driver's at the Barley Mow,' replied the schoolmaster.

'Good God! he's there, on the road,' cried the parson, talking hurriedly as he went. 'The usual thing, I suppose; had something to drink, sat on the shaft, fell off, and was run over. George, my poor fellow, is it you? For heaven's sake tell me if you're hurt! Run to my groom, Bunce, and tell him to ride for the doctor. George, my dear boy, do you feel any pain? Can't you speak to me?'

George opened his eyes.

'Tell Polly'—he murmured, and then he paused; the effort was too great.

'Yes,' said the parson softly, for he knew the story of George's love, 'what shall I tell Polly?'

'Tell Polly the maister sent she that rabbut,' said George slowly and with difficulty; 'I forgot to name't as I come by.'

'No need to send for the doctor, Bunce,' said the parson gravely; 'we can lift him into his mother's cottage—we shan't hurt him now.'

The Beginnings of Speech.

I WAS dining one day at a *table d'hôte* in Italy. Opposite me sat an English father and mother, with a little boy of four, too young and too ingenuous for that mixed company. On a sudden, at a break in the conversation, the child raised his voice all at once, and with the sweet candour of four years old addressed the table generally, and nobody in particular, with this startling statement: 'My daddy doesn't take sugar in his tea; and sometimes my mammy is just going to give my daddy a lump in his cup; and then, my daddy says, "Wah, wah, wah, wah!" And my mammy doesn't put it.'

'There,' thought I, 'is the origin of language.'

For look a moment at the circumstances. The daddy, seeing that a lump of sugar is just being dropped into his cup, has no time to think of our modern English exclamation, 'Oh, don't!'—he is taken aback, as it were; civilised language fails him; so he goes off with a rush to the purely instinctive 'Wah, wah, wah, wah,' like a savage or a monkey. 'Tis a mere cry of deprecation, suitable to no matter what condition of events, and comprehensible at once by its mere sound and intonation, in all times and to all races.

And yet it is language. In point of fact, it is an English root, the root of *woe*, of *woe-begone*, of *woful*. In its earliest form, *woe* is *wah*; in phrases like *wah's me*, it becomes undoubted language. The Scotch *wae's me* gives us the intermediate form on the way to our modern *woe's me* in English. The phonetic change is precisely the same as that by which Anglo-Saxon *stán* becomes Scotch *stane* and English *stone*, or by which Anglo-Saxon *bán* becomes Scotch *bane* and English *bone*. When we talk nowadays about 'a nation plunged in woe,' about 'a woful story,' or about 'the woes of poverty,' we are really using that primitive exclamation, *wa* or *wah*, in the form it inevitably assumes on English lips in the course of ages.

You will observe that I head this article 'The Beginnings of Speech,' not, in more hackneyed phrase, 'The Origin of Language.' I do so for a reason. The English wording is simpler and more graphic. Harm has been done, I believe, to the comprehension of this subject by talking of it in the abstract instead of in the concrete. One set of philologists have traced the beginnings of speech to exclamations or to imitative sounds—two ideas which Professor Max Müller, desiring to discredit them, has aptly summed up as the Pooh-pooh and Bow-wow theories. Another set of philologists has traced them rather to certain mystic and abstract roots, of the vaguest possible meaning. Now, I myself am a pooh-pooh and bow-wow man; but I wish to amplify my pooh-pooh and bow-wow into realisable detail; I wish to point out in this article one or two principles, with concrete examples, which I think have hitherto escaped attention.

Let me begin with the remark that most roots, unless we happen to know their origin, do necessarily bear an air of great abstractness and vagueness. For example, unless we knew by experience the exclamation 'wah,' we should be likely to think that *woe*, which is the root of *woful* and *woe-begone*, bore the very indefinite sense of sorrow, prohibition, the undesirable generally. But when we say 'wah, wah,' we feel at once that the word is comprehensible to the merest savage, and only indefinite because of the variety of circumstances under which in actual life we may use it. It wells out of itself from the human vocal organs under certain sudden emotional excitements. Latin had it in the familiar phrase *væ victis*, woe to the conquered; Greek had it in every chorus of Euripides or Sophocles; Central Africa has it, you may be perfectly sure, every time a mother cries to her child to stop, or a man wishes to check some imprudent action on the part of his neighbour. They call out to one another, 'Wah, wah, wah, wah,' exactly as 'my daddy' did to 'my mammy.'

But exclamations and imitative sounds are scarcely language so long as they stand alone in utter isolation. Even beasts have varied cries of fear or rage, of triumph or defiance: while mocking-birds and parrots can imitate the voices of other animals. Language begins when we place such sounds in juxtaposition to express a compound meaning. Every child calls a steam-engine a puff-puff. That is an attempt to express the sound, *p'f, p'f, p'f*, of the steam escaping in little jets from the cylinder. In itself, puff-puff is scarcely language; but when we say, 'Baby go in puff-puff,' we instantly make it so. Still more when we talk

about 'a puff of wind,' or of somebody 'who comes up puffing and blowing,' have we made the mere sound into a word, a symbol, a component of language. And when we twist this word metaphorically aside—when we 'give a book a puff,' or 'eat puffs for breakfast'—we have carried the process one step further afield into the making of speech; we have generalised our root, so that no one who did not know its origin could suspect the primitive concrete meaning. Yet if you fill your cheeks with air and then let it burst forth explosively, you will see whence *puff* came into the English language.

It has been objected—wrongly, as I believe—that words of interjectional or imitative origin do not form true roots, are not prolific of offspring, remain for ever mere isolated vocables. I do not think this is so. *Puff* itself gives us *puffing* and *puffery*, and also *puff-ball*. *Woe* gives us *woful*. Professor Max Müller's example, if I recollect aright, of a barren root, is *cuckoo*, a word obviously formed from the cry of the bird which utters it. But besides obvious derivatives like *cuckoo-pint*, *cuckoo-spit*, *cuckoo-flower*, and *cuckoo clock*, the word *cuckoo*, in Latin *cuculus*, has given rise to a number of verbs and adjectives of unsavoury meaning in almost all European languages. For the cuckoo is a bird which lays its egg in another bird's nest; and by an easy transference to humanity, the word has become a root for many opprobrious epithets, duly formed by suffix or affix. Instead of being barren, it is really rich in a certain class of derivatives.

And this brings me direct to my main consideration. Words of interjectional or imitative origin give rise to language mainly when the object to which they refer is regarded or envisaged in a particular aspect. Note this principle. Indeed, any name, at first the mere token of an individual or a class, may be thus extended by envisaging the object in a particular relation. For example, *dog* means merely *dog*—the common *bow-wow*. But a *dog* usually follows his master close, and thus, 'to *dog* one's steps' means to pursue them much as a *dog* does his master. If *bow-wow* were the common name of a *dog* in English, we should say we *bow-wowed* a person when we *dogged* him. So, *ferret* is the name of a white variety of the *pole-cat*: no matter now how the name itself arose; we take it as we find it. But since we use *ferrets* for hunting rabbits, we make the word into a verb, and say we go *ferreting*. Also, we talk of *ferreting* out a secret, just as we talk of *worming* a thing out of one, or of *aping* humility. In each of these cases the creature in point is thought of, not as

an animal in itself, nor in all its relations, but as an animal notable for some particular function. In one word, it is the attribute, not the thing, that we make a verb out of.

Proper names show us very well the nature of this tendency. We can take anybody's name and make verbs or adjectives out of it at pleasure, but always by envisaging the person himself in a particular relation. For example, such a name as Walcott is no more than a convenient label for a certain number of assorted Walcotts that we know of. In itself, it means nothing. A very little while ago, the name Boycott was similarly no more than a convenient label for the Boycott family. But suddenly one day a certain Captain Boycott makes himself unpopular in Ireland, and people refuse to have any sort of dealings with him. They treat him in a way till then unthought of. The habit of such treatment grows and spreads, and when it is proposed to treat another person in the self-same way, the Irish say 'We'll boycott him.' Forthwith *boycotting* and *boycott* pass into the language. But note that the word alludes to Captain Boycott himself only in that particular relation of life: it has nothing to do with his height, his age, his personal appearance; it regards him merely as a person who was boycotted. Any other name would have done just as well; Captain Boycott had merely the sinister honour of being the first recipient of this delicate attention, and he has gained thereby linguistic immortality. Britons will now continue 'to establish a boycott' to all eternity.

One can do the same thing with any proper name which happens to suggest a distinct relation. For instance, the name Burke in itself means no more than the name Boycott. But ever since Burke and Hare committed their peculiarly atrocious murders we refuse to be burked, and will not even hear of burking inquiry. In their origin, all such words were what Dr. Murray, in his great English dictionary, describes as nonce-words—that is to say, words used on the spur of the moment to meet a particular emergency. (But so, for the matter of that, were all other words—a point to which I will return a little later.) A speaker at the present day might talk in the same way of 'Labbying an impostor,' and all the world would understand that he meant by it exposing him—turning the full blaze of *Truth* upon his actions. So we might speak of 'Zolaising our literature'; and, indeed, some wit has already invented the abstract noun 'Ibsenity.' 'Ask me this slave in French,' says Pistol to the boy, as he holds his prisoner; 'what is his name?' 'He says his name is Master Fer,'

the boy answers. 'Master Fer,' cries Pistol; 'I'll fer him, and firk him, and ferret him—discuss the same in French unto him.' 'Tis true the boy replies, 'I do not know the French for fer and ferret and firk'; but we all of us know perfectly well what Pistol meant by it. 'To out-Haggard Haggard' or 'to Whistlerise the Academy' are phrases as transparent as 'to bowdlerise Shakespere' or 'to gerrymander a constituency.'

Put briefly, the point I have been labouring to make clear is this: that an articulate sound becomes at once a word when its meaning is obvious to those who hear it, and when it is placed with others in logical juxtaposition so as to form a sentence. It is quite true that in developed languages, to which all the cases hitherto cited belong, the meaning is largely given by syntax, by accident, by grammatical inflection. But grammatical inflections themselves are relics of older words, worn down to mere stumps by constant usage. Pidgin-English shows their origin when for 'a man' it says 'one piecey fellow,' and for 'men' 'plenty piecey fellow.'

Now let us see by the light of these general ideas how primitive language is likely to have originated. Everybody knows the story of the Englishman who, dining with a mandarin, desired to know what meat he was eating. He pointed to the dish and said interrogatively 'Quack-quack?' His host shook his head, and answered, with the politest of smiles, 'Bow-wow.' And there you have language in its simplest elements.

As yet, however, it possesses no syntax, no order, no formative principles. Now push the thing one stage further. Let us make a verb, to eat. The simplest way of doing this is to imitate the sound of the teeth in grinding—especially in grinding hard grain like corn or coarse roots and food-stuffs. *Ny'm, ny'm, ny'm*, or *Nyum, nyum, nyum*, is about as near as we can get to it in ordinary letters. (The Italian *gn'm, gn'm*, or the Spanish *ñ'm, ñ'm*, would represent it more accurately.) Hence *nyum-nyum* is a common symbol for 'to eat' with savages. Now ask with an interrogative inflection of voice, 'Nyum-nyum quack-quack?'—and that means, 'Am I eating duck?' The answer comes, with a shake of the head, 'Nyum-nyum bow-wow'—and that means, 'Oh dear, no; it is dog you are eating.' True, the grammatical elements of first and second person are here suppressed; but so they are in many primitive languages; and so they are even in the negro dialects of French and English. Tenses and persons are frequently lost. 'Him gwine town' means 'He is going to town,' in negro English. 'Him eat'

means 'He is eating;' 'Him eat yesterday' means 'He ate;' and so on generally. 'I have eaten' becomes in Creole French, 'Moi finn mangé,' that is to say, 'J'ai fini manger.' 'Rich nigger, him mulatto; poor mulatto, him nigger,' gives the simple grammar of negro English; in Creole French, where *li* means *lui*, it comes out in the precisely analogous form, 'Nègue riche, li mulatte; mulatte pauvre, li nègue.' That is grammar reduced to its simplest elements.

Now, to carry the process one step further. You see the remains of a duck lying on the ground in the neighbourhood of your compound, and you wish to know what has happened to it. You ask a savage bystander, 'Bow-wow nyum-nyum quack-quack?' That is to say, 'Has a dog eaten my duck?' The savage shakes his head, pats his own round stomach, and answers with gusto, 'Nyum-nyum quack-quack.' That means, 'I have eaten it.'

You will observe that in all these cases a good deal is done by gesture and intonation, while a good deal is suggested by the nature of the circumstances. That is always so in primitive language. Early peoples and simple minds don't talk much about abstract subjects or absent interests; it is the Here and the Now that engage their attention. They point to objects and places rather than name or describe them; they eke out their scanty vocabulary with gesticulation and accent and mimicry and emotional attitude. It is even said that there are certain savages who cannot talk at night except by the camp-fire, because so large a part of their intercommunication is conducted by means of gesture-language. Savages always depend greatly on context and the pointing finger to bring out their meaning. Most of their new words are at first nonce-words, directly suggested by the spur of the occasion. Even with ourselves, the original use of new words is made at some moment of apt excitement—a mob eager to punish some unpopular person voices itself with the cry 'Let's boycott him,' or 'Let's burke him.'

'But in all these cases you are referring to people who already possess a developed language. That can't help us to understand how speech first began among speechless creatures, half man, half monkey.' Quite true; in the first instance, I believe, language must have grown by very slow stages out of mere inarticulate cries and clicks of the roughest character. At a very early stage, it can hardly have consisted of words at all; it must have been mainly made up of stray sounds and gurgles. First, no doubt, came the exclamation:—the shout of triumph, the shout of

warning, the cry of pain, the cry of joy, or purr of pleasure. Next must have come the simplest noun, formed generally from the imitation of the natural voice of beast or bird, or the murmur of breeze or sea or running water. After these would arise the verb, as yet for the most part a mere verbal noun standing alone by itself, like *ny'm-ny'm* or *p'f-p'f*, without definite connection of subject or object. Suppose a savage sees an edible fruit hanging on a tree; he may say '*Ny'm, ny'm*'; and you may consider that, as you choose, either noun or verb—'*This is an eatable thing,*' or '*Let us pick and eat it.*' When a mother seizes her child's arm at a railway crossing and calls out '*puff-puff*,' you may take that to mean '*The engine is coming,*' and may treat it as noun or as verb in accordance with your own fancy. Gradually, these first elements would be moulded together into very simple sentences, like '*Nyum-nyum quack-quack*'; the preposition and the other formative elements of speech would grow up in time out of worn-down verbs or nouns; syntax would supervene in its simplest form. As for the adjective, such phrases of our own as *monkey tricks*, a *parrot cry*, *pink cheeks*, a *violet hood*, show us how they arise by degrees from nouns envisaged as possessing a particular attribute.

But what I want particularly to point out here is this: that the growth of new words in our existing languages is the safest guide to the origin of language in general. Such new words are continually arising from day to day in our midst. Just at first they are usually imitative or onomatopœic and more or less inarticulate. They are deficient in vowels. The steam-engine seems to say to us '*p'f, p'f, p'f*'; the cat seems to say to us '*p'rrr, p'rrr, p'rrr*'; the sound of a cannon-ball as it strikes the ground we represent by '*th'd*'; the sound of a gun we represent by '*b'ng.*' But when we come to use these sounds familiarly as parts of language we soon grow to vocalise them. We say *puff, puff, puff*; *purr, thud, bang*. And in proportion as we use such words in composition do they become more and more articulate and less and less onomatopœic, while at the same time they tend to become widened and conventionalised in meaning. At last, when we talk of whizzing wheels, of a banging door, of giving a friend a puff in the papers, or of dexterously booming a new invention, we have almost lost sight of onomatopœia altogether. Even when we remark that the cat purrs, or that we distinctly heard a loud thud at a distance, we are scarcely conscious of the imitative intention.

Language, in fact, is a sort of abbreviated mimetic shorthand.

'But when we go back to the earliest forms of existing languages we don't seem much nearer your supposed primitive pooh-poo and bow-wow than at the present moment.' True again—and why should we? It was all very well to suppose we could get back to primitive forms of speech while people still thought that Sanscrit or Egyptian stood appreciably nearer to the primitive language than English or Italian. But we now know that man has existed on the world in his present form for thousands of centuries. He was here as a reasonable and intelligent being before the coming on of the Glacial Epoch, which even cautious geological chronologists now put down as two hundred thousand years ago. I do not doubt myself he was here as a thinking and speaking animal in the days of the Miocene—say two million years since, at a modest computation. Speech is a habit of immemorial and probably primæval antiquity. Therefore, even the earliest languages we now possess are practically almost as far from the primitive speech of Tertiary man as the 'Idylls of the King' or the 'Earthly Paradise.' I would as soon think of looking for original roots of human speech in Plato or Jeremiah as in Homer or the Vedas. And the earliest form of most roots seems to us abstract and vague, I believe, only because we don't know their original associations. The oldest roots we have were millions of years old in the time of the first Egyptian Dynasty; they were already so worn and rubbed down by use that we cannot at all say what they were like originally. Instead of being primitive they were then in their dotage.

The real primitive roots are those which, like the *thud* of a cannon-ball or the *ping* of a rifle-bullet, are growing up every day around us. Watch how language *grows*, and you will learn, it seems to me, how language *grew*. It is the old geological and biological doctrine of 'causes now in action' applied to philology. Language is not a thing that once began and then ceased beginning. It never began; it begins perpetually. There never was a moment when the cry of the beast passed into human speech; there never is a moment when human speech does not refresh and renew itself from these primitive sources.

Indeed, the wonder is that our existing language, considering the enormous and immeasurable antiquity of most of its vocables, should still visibly contain so large an element of onomatopœic origin. In spite of the constant rubbing down of roots and

running together of words, there are still vast groups of modern symbols even now evidently imitative. Take in English such a class as murmur, purl, gurgle, sputter, splutter, bubble, plash, splash, swash, spurt, trickle, dribble, babble, ooze, mizzle, drizzle, gasp, wheeze, snuffle, snuffle, gush, and guzzle. These are only a few out of a whole set of (so to speak) mocking-bird words in which imitative sound is instantly conspicuous. Hear it once more in nouns or verbs like pop, bang, snap, click, clash, crackle, crash, 'slam, slash, clang, roar, peal, boom, or racket. How indefinite is the transition from words like ding-dong, rat-tat-tat, rub-a-dub, and pit-a-pat, through words like hubbub, tattoo, quaver, and rumble, to words like whirr, rattle, clatter, clack, hum, trill, tick, thump, jingle, tinkle, rustle, hiss, buzz, whizz, tootle, and muffle! We put up our fingers and say to a child 'sh; do we remember that this is the origin of 'the winds were hushed,' or of the compound noun 'hush-money'? When we speak of a creaking door, do we remember that the verb *to creak* is as purely imitative as *to jar*, *to grate*, *to clink*, or *to jangle*? do we think of it in the same category with yelp and burr, with a Yankee twang or a trill in music? I might give endless other examples, like bawl, whoop, yell, bellow, howl, scream, shriek, screech, squeak, squeal, squall, whine, moan, groan, or chuckle; I might instance the hooting of an engine, or the puling and piping of a spoilt child, snoring and snorting, to grunt and to grumble, barking, baying, yapping, yawling, growling, howling, snarling, bleating, the lowing of moo-cows, the mewing of cats, the neigh of the horse, the bray of the donkey, the cawing of crows, the cackling of hens, the swallows that chirp and chirrup and twitter beneath the twittering eaves. But I have mentioned enough to show the principle at issue; I need not run pell-mell and helter-skelter through the English language in search of jingles and jangles like these. They pervade the tittle-tattle of everyday life. We hear them cackle and cluck and chuckle at every street corner: they hum and buzz and reverberate about us. Whist! I hear them at my ear. Tush! tut! you fail to catch them! why, you must be deaf to the ripple and babble and bickering of the brook, to the tinkling bells, to the volleys of artillery, to the drum, the gong, the trombone, and the hurdy-gurdy. I think your ideas must be all topsy-turvy.

There is just one more point to which I would like to call attention, and that is the curious way in which onomatopœic words fall into groups by a sort of cross-division. Take, for

example, the following set of words, all of which begin with the consonants FL: flare, flash, flicker, flame, fly, flutter, flow, flush. Now compare flare with glare, flicker with glitter, flash with plash, splash, dash, and crash. Compare flutter with sputter, splutter, mutter, and flitter. Compare flush with blush on the one hand, and with crush on the other. Look, again, at the following words which begin with GL, and then compare them with their congeners in FL: glow, glare, glance, glimpse, glitter, glower, glamour, gleam, glide, glimmer, glib, glint, glisten, gloam, gloat, glut, and glut-ton. Now set glimmer side by side with shimmer, and both with glow and shine; glitter with sputter, stutter, and mutter; glare with flare, stare, and blare; glide with slide, stride, and slip. Compare once more gloss with floss, glance with prance, glib with slip, gloam and gloom with glitter and glisten. Or once more take the following class: splash, splice, split, splint, splinter splutter, spirt, spin, spill, sparkle, speckle, and sputter. Then compare splash with crash, clash, dash, slap-dash, smash, flash, gnash, mash, squash, and so forth. Compare spirt with squirt, sputter and splutter with flitter, flicker, flutter, and then observe how the first part of each word in the last series is cognate to splash and flow, while the last part gives a certain sense of intermittent or uncertain movement. If you analyse many such cases as blow, blast, flow, flicker, clash, crash, crack, crackle, clap, click, clack, clutter, clatter, muffle, thump, dump, twang, clang, clink, clank, fizz, whizz, fizzle, bustle, whistle, snuffle, rustle, tinkle, twinkle, and jingle, you will find similar relations and similar variations running through all of them. The differences established by usage between to gurgle and to gargle, to sniff and to snuff, a tap, a rap, a snap, and a clap, are partly conventional but partly imitative. And so it always seems to me that in a knock at the door or the rustling of a silk dress, in the rumble of thunder or the roll of drums, in the clatter of wheels or the tolling of a bell, in the tick of my watch or the bark of dogs, I still catch faint reverberations of the origin of language. It chimes in my ear with the murmur of the breeze, stifled and muffled it floats on the hoarse sea, sonorous and clangorous it booms and thunders above the blare of trumpets or the roar of the tempest. Language is originating every day in our midst. We add to it ourselves whenever we have a fancy.

GRANT ALLEN.

The Silver Otter.

HE had been having a beautiful time. Old and wise as Satan, and scarcely less wicked, it did not seem that the biggest or wildest of the trout or grayling could escape him. He was a connoisseur of connoisseurs. The very daintiest bit of the shoulder was his portion, the rest he left to scavengers, such as water-rats. There was no bend or holt of the river which he had not tried; not a lady throughout all its course to whom he had not paid his addresses. And who was likely to refuse them? That silvery grey patch on the left ear whereby he was known to all of them, which had earned him his name with the humans who came to hunt him—who could withstand it?

And now he had taken his abode beneath the stump and roots of a tree which had been felled beside the river bank, where the stream runs deepest and with muddiest bottom. There he can laugh at humans and canines.

Four miles down the stream a strange concourse is gathering in the meadow still pearly with the dew of dawn. There are men in queer garments, in blue coats with red waistcoats, blue breeches and red stockings. In front of each blue cap is an otter's pad. There are seven couples of hounds, too—a motley crowd, for the most part foxhounds, but a few have the deep bloodhound-like jowl, the high-peaked head, the drooping ears, and the rough, harsh coats of the real old otter hound. There are two or three terriers tearing at the chains by which men hold them. Some of the men have poles, iron-tipped; one, the whip, has a crop; one, the huntsman, a horn. This is the active contingent.

Besides, there is a crowd of camp-followers, men in tweed breeches and knickerbockers, labourers in fustian and corduroy; even ladies, some of them in the uniform of the Hunt, all in short skirts, and few of them above helping to stop a ford to block the otter back.

So all this is four miles down stream. Meanwhile our friend with the silver ear is at home from his night's outing, purring in the holt beneath the felled tree. Neither party knows much about the other's presence, though each may be thinking a deal.

Then the man with the horn blows a blast, and the hounds flock away to him to the river-side. Away after them, on either bank, come the men in blue and scarlet, the ladies, the camp-followers, all walking at best speed. Of the hounds the more eager dash into the water, the wiser and cooler deem it enough to nose each bush and likely crevice on this side the river or that. So, over two fields of pasture, the ladies climbing the stout fences manfully, and the bullocks coming down in an aggressive phalanx on the hounds, then turning and breaking as they find the enemy advance in their despite. Still the hounds are mute, save for the stricken yelp of a laggard corrected by whip-cord.

But now there is a whimper, and another, and a little 'tow rowing' to which the hounds all gather and dash at score across a neck of pasture left by the looping river. There is a great scrambling of hounds and splashing around a fallen pollard, but no real, bounding, full-throated enthusiasm.

'Been there two nights ago,' says an old oracle sagely.

'Two nights, Mulready, is it?' asks one of the Hunt. 'How do you know that? Isn't that the night I saw you coming out of the Blue Dragon?'

Old Mulready is half otter himself. A fisherman all his days and nights too, save for those which he spends in the Blue Dragon, a cunning man at the tying of flies, for sale, at the concoction of other baits for personal use, at making a 'gentleman from London' believe he is showing him the best fishing in the river, and in keeping the best of his knowledge to himself.

He scornfully passes over the reference to the Blue Dragon. 'It's larning as does it,' he answers, 'larning, and a knowledge of the ways of the dumb brutes.'

'Do you think that old silver otter's up here this year?'

'E might be, sir,' Mulready answers, again with the greatest solemnity. 'Or again 'e might not. There's no dependence on 'im.'

'How do you mean, Mulready?' for the old man's tone had been full of significance.

'Tis according as the silver otter wishes, sir. Ef he wishes, 'e will be here; ef he do not wish, 'e will be somewheres else. And,' sinking his voice to a low whisper, 'ef it's 'im we've come out after, we may all as well go 'ome.'

'Why's that, Mulready? Do you think he's a witch?'

'I don't think it, sir—I knows it.'

'How do you know it?'

But Mulready will not part with the sources of his knowledge. He has stated the fact, and that should be enough. If sundry nods and winks and lip-pursings are not sufficient enlightenment, the world will get no more.

So the chase goes on. More 'tow rowing' in spasmodic intervals, more fence-climbing for the ladies, more bullocks half-heartedly charging in close column. Meanwhile the scene and the morning meadow scents are glorious; the rippling river and the dashing hounds give life to it. The excitement is growing, too, as across now one and now another promontory of the meadow the hounds dash with a chorus which grows louder as they go.

'That's a last night's trail for sure,' says one who knows, as the melody breaks forth in a more emphatic crash. 'Those foxhounds never lie.'

They have all the best of it, those foxhounds. They are quicker, surer; dash with more *élan* into the water. Only, one would not willingly part with the wise, uncouth aspect of the otter-hounds and their tremendous bloodhound melody. Has the old fellow with the silver ear heard it yet beneath the great tree-stump?

But now the hounds are dashing with a great strong scent up a side watercourse, to the despair of the hunters on the far side of the main stream. A few stalwart ones ford it and haste after the rest, who are close following the hounds, for if by chance the quarry should have lain up here, in this little trickle of a stream, his days are numbered.

'Pooh,' says one, 'he's not here. He's gone up into the decoy.'

For, a field or two off, there is a duck decoy, now disused, and this watercourse is the outlet of its waters to the main stream.

A hound makes a hungry dash at a moorhen, distressed at finding herself so far up-country. But he misses her by six inches with his snap, and on he goes with the rest. On over the breadth of a pasture field which a road bounds. The watercourse dives through a broad made drain, and peeps up, like Arethusa, beyond it. The hounds are through it, in full tongue, but the field are checked—caught up in a brambly fence on this side or that of the road. All, with infinite pain, struggle over; whereon the deep-throated music stops, dead short, like an unfinished song. The huntsman lets his hounds cast, by themselves, up the watercourse

—to no purpose. He summons them to him with blast of the horn, and tries the field on either side of the stream. All is sad silence.

‘He’s found it too dry and gone back,’ says one, and the theory finds reluctant acceptance.

Back again, then, over the two stiff fences, and so to the main stream, to the joy of the laggards on its further bank. Then up the course of the river again, and soon, with voices growing more clamorous, the hounds are again on the true scent up nearer and nearer to the holt of the old silver-eared one beneath the great tree-stump. Again and again a hound dashes, boldly leaping, into mid-stream, startling into flashing life a darkly slumbering pool. Every great bole of pollard willow is hunted with curious care. The hounds would fain dash on, in full cry, across the promontories of the many-looping river; but the cautious huntsman calls them back with his horn. It may be the cunning beast has gone up stream across one of the necks of land, then turned back and be lying in some favourite home in the bend. It is better to make all good as we go up.

Still there is no life of any amphibious thing in view, save here and there a moorhen flapping, with trailing feet, over the water, or a water-rat busily swimming for his hole. But now at length we are coming to the great stump, and he within is pricking up that short rounded silvery ear as the music grows nearer, louder, still the storm of canine fury breaks upon the strong doors of his house, and the hounds are clamouring, digging, hustling one another at every one of its land-gates or water-gates, the bolt holes above the water-line or below it.

He laughs, for he is not afraid. The roots of the great tree are his rafters, which will need mighty digging, not only with spade and pickaxe, but even with the cleaving axe. The stream is deep, too, before his water-gates, and its bed muddy; there is no foothold for a man to stand and dig, or to poke at him with long sticks, as is the well-known vexatious way of men. So he bides his time and does not budge, in spite of all the clamour; in spite, too, that men come together and stamp in unison over the rafters of his home, then retire, calling off the hounds, to see if he can be tempted out to discover what earthquakes are occurring. He knows these well-worn tricks too well. He waits.

Then they come back, hounds and men, again, casting up stream and down in case he shall have slipped out by an under-water way, unseen. But they return unsatisfied. Next one of

the tugging, yelping terriers is loosed. Down the dark hole he goes as if shot from a cannon. The silver-eared one has his tactics for him too. He presents a pair of snake-like jaws, grips his guest, as in a rat-trap, across the jowl; then looses him, to speed his parting. An angry growl or two is his answer, and then the terrier, for he is game, closes for the second round. This time he gets a pinch of otter skin—a pinch, no more, for in a moment he is shaken off, and pinned in scientific fashion, to make the pattern even, on the other jowl. Again he retires, expostulating but disinclined for action, bethinks him that he is short of breath, and makes for change of air outside.

Another guest, of similar manners, meets with a like reception, and retires, sooner satisfied. But now, from the neighbouring farm, men come with spades, with picks, with axes. They dig until they come to the hard root-rafters; then chop and chop with the axe. Still the old fellow with silver ear listens and makes no move. His defences will hold out a while yet. Round and about the great stem, now in the water, now out, the hounds keep baying, the otter hounds digging with a more steady persistency, as their nature is, than the foxhounds.

At length the crumbling earth about him, and the close sounding strokes of the pick, wake the silver ear to quicker apprehension. The time is come, he thinks. By the lowest of his water-gates, where the stream is most opaquely stirred from its muddy depths, he dives silently out—silently, unperceived. For a while the digging and the clamour of the hounds stays about the tree-stump; but soon, by chance or fate, a hound comes on his scent; for even he, old and wily and silver-eared as he is, is bound to breathe out from his lungs as he goes beneath the water. Then, as the discovery is proclaimed, the pack close round, and dashing into the mid-stream swim downwards after him.

'Gone away,' is the human echo of their cry, and now men post themselves, leaning over the stream, by each overhanging bush or pollard, where is most likelihood of his coming up for breath. Little enough of him will most see, scarcely even that silver ear, for a nostril above the stream's surface will suffice him for taking the air he needs. But he has found for himself a halcyon place, as he thinks it, amidst some thick-growing sedges. There he dares to lift from the water all that cunning head of his, to gaze a moment, unseen as he deems, at his enemies, and to listen to their war-cry. Long ago, before ever the digging

and battering at the otter's house roof began, old Mulready had stationed himself on the bank opposite that bed of sedges; and as the low grey head raised itself gently among their shelter old Mulready raised himself too, as gently, on his elbow. The old otter spied him, and in an instant was under water, but Mulready 'Tally-hoed,' and 'Tally-hoed' again with an emphasis which no ordinary occasion would have wrung from so old a sportsman.

'It's 'im, sir!' he cried. 'It's 'im again!' as the huntsman with the horn hurried to his halloo. 'It's the old witch, the old silver otter again. Sure's fate it is.'

'Where did you see him, Mulready?—exactly where?'

'Jist there, sir. Beside the big sedge, sir. Jist there, as sure's fate. We may as well go 'ome. It's the same one.'

'Go home be—everythinged!' the master yelled, hunting his hounds to the spot shown. And now they are in the water again and among the sedges, dashing great flags this way and that with joyous music. Down stream again he is, and as the hounds swim off, in a long tailing line, another man views him again below—but no grey head and silver ear this time, only the black tip of a nose gently thrust above the surface.

And so on, up and down the stream the hounds go—now baying with the clear voice of full conviction, now swimming or dashing along the bank, silently at fault, continually drawn this way or that as a man views the quarry. Below, the hunters are arrayed in a long line across the shallows to prevent his breaking down; but the silver-eared one has no need to do that. In the broad, deep, muddy pool outside his house door he may find safe hiding enough for a while yet. Once he is viewed low down, almost down to the shallow; but the next view of him is away up stream, and not a hound has as yet had a nip at him.

After that there is a long spell of silence, neither hounds have scented him nor men viewed him. They have tried back at the old holt again; but there is no sufficient clamour of the hounds to prove more than his recent occupation. Where can he be? Mr. Mulready does not know, all the more willing than ever, since this disappearance, to advance the theory of his witchcraft. All are at fault.

Further up stream they had been making hay, until the joy of hunting the silver-eared one had drawn them away from their occupation. An occasional carelessly tossed wisp came floating down the stream. A little gleaning had clung round the trailing bows of a drooping pollard.

'Will ye lend me yer pole a moment?' old Mulready asked of a member of the Hunt. 'Thank ye, sir.'

He leaned out over the slanting stem, reached to the wisp of sodden hay, and lifted it, like the tress of a drowned woman's hair, on the pole's end.

'I told ye so!'

Now, Mr. Mulready had not told a single soul about it; but his action gave him every justification for the use of the famous phrase, for there, instantly as he lifted the draggled wisp, sank out of view the tiny bright eyes and the silver ear.

'Tally-ho! Tally-ho! 'E wunk at me. Sure's fate he wunk.'

Then away went hounds and huntsmen again, and away all the field, down stream, following a bright line of silvery bubbles rising from the surface. And now they had him at a certain disadvantage, for he was caught in the bend of the river, cornered as it seemed. He had stayed there, beneath that wisp of hay, who could say how long, breathing at his ease, while the sodden hay-scent baffled the hounds; and there might have stayed till evening came, had Mr. Mulready only been in his accustomed seat at the Blue Dragon. But now he was startled out, and his enemies were close upon him, leaping after him in the shallows, driving him to the bank. So up the bank he ran, amidst the wild shouts of the field as they noted his famous markings, up the bank a little way and even into the meadow for a yard or two. That was enough for him. He knew he was no match for his foes on foot, but by that movement he had turned their flank and stole into water again below the nose of the lowest hound.

And now a loose-running terrier, who had sighted him on land, came racing after him, and with one bound was on his back as he entered the water. He turned deftly, and with a grip of his jaws made the dog, less amphibious, loose his hold. But it took an instant's time, and in that instant a hound closed on him, but could not hold him; and again the silvery bubbles went gaily down the stream, and all hounds and field in chorus after them.

Then there was silence. No one viewed him; no hound spoke to him with any emphasis of conviction. Low down, after a while, a boy 'tally-hoed' him, but later confessed with shame that it might have been a water-rat.

At length, when despair and gloom were settling on field and hounds alike, there came again a cheering halloo. This time it was high, high up, close to the great tree-stem again, and it was out of the thickness of some water weeds that they had seen the

black snout peep up. So again all was joy and clamour, and they hunted and dashed, and again a hound got a nip, but they never viewed him again by head-mark; and then, yet again, all was silence.

Now men were very tired and very hungry, for it was four o'clock and there had been no pause for luncheon, and the hounds shared in their mood and hunted listlessly; and it was clear that if an end was to be made it must be speedily. Some said the otter had been badly nipped—likely, they said, he was drowned. The miller should be asked to let off the water, then they would find him in the river-bed. Mr. Mulready sniffed.

So all went and feasted under a great tree. Men changed certain nether garments, under cover of a hedge; ladies, some said, changed theirs under cover of another; but this is one of those mysteries which no man knows.

In the meantime the miller let off all the water, and the river-bed grew quite dry. Then they found, drowned, as had been surmised, and stranded, an otter indeed—but such an otter! He had no size to boast of—young pads, feeble jaw, above all no silver ear.

I told you he was drowned, Mulready,' the master said.

'What's drowned?' Mulready asked sourly.

'The otter, of course. There he is.'

'The otter! What otter?'

'We must have changed him, of course. There must have been two otters under that tree-stem. The silver-eared chap must have gone back in that last long check and turned out another.'

'Do ye think so?' said Mulready with sour scorn. 'I tell ye there was no two otters. *We* never changed otters. It was the silver otter—he changed himself.'

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

The Unbidden Guest.

BY E. W. HORNING, AUTHOR OF 'TINY LUTTRELL,'
'A BRIDE FROM THE BUSH,' &c.

CHAPTER I.

THE GIRL FROM HOME.

ARABELLA was the first at the farm to become aware of Mr. Teesdale's return from Melbourne. She was reading in the parlour, with her plump elbows planted upon the faded green table-cloth, and an untidy head of light-coloured hair between her hands; looking up from her book by chance, she saw through the closed window her father and the buggy climbing the hill at the old mare's own pace. Arabella went on reading until the buggy had drawn up within a few feet of the verandah posts and a few more of the parlour window. Then she sat in doubt, with her finger on the place; but before it appeared absolutely necessary to jump up and run out, one of the men had come up to take charge of the mare, and Arabella was enabled to remove her finger and read on.

The parlour was neither very large nor at all lofty, and the shut window and fire-place closely covered by a green gauze screen, to keep the flies out, made it disagreeably stuffy. There were two doors, but both of these were shut also, though the one at the far end of the room, facing the hearth, nearly always stood wide open. It led down a step into a very little room where the guns were kept and old newspapers thrown, and where somebody was whistling rather sweetly as the other door opened and Mr. Teesdale entered, buggy-whip in hand.

He was a frail, tallish old gentleman, with a venerable forehead, a thin white beard, very little hair to his pate, and clear brown eyes that shone kindly upon all the world. He

had on the old tall hat he always wore when driving into Melbourne, and the yellow silk dust-coat which had served him for many a red-hot summer, and was still not unpresentable. Arabella was racing to the end of a paragraph when he entered, and her father had stolen forward and kissed her untidy head before she looked up.

'Bad girl,' said he, playfully, 'to let your old father get home without ever coming out to meet him!'

'I was trying to finish this chapter,' said Arabella. She went on trying.

'I know, I know! I know you of old, my dear. Yet I can't talk, because I am as bad as you are; only I should like to see you reading something better than the *Family Cherub*.' There were better things in the little room adjoining, where behind the shooting lumber was some motley reading, on two long sagging shelves; but that room was known as the gun-room, and half those books were hidden away behind powder-canisters, cartridge-cases, and the like, while all were deep in dust.

'You read it yourself, father,' said Arabella as she turned over a leaf of her *Family Cherub*.

'I read it myself. More shame for me! But then I've read all them books in the little gun-room, and that's what I should like to see you reading now and then. Now why have you got yon door shut, Arabella, and who's that whistling in there?'

'It's our John William,' Miss Teesdale said; and even as she spoke the door in question was thrown open by a stalwart fellow in a Crimean shirt, with the sleeves rolled up from arms as brown and hard-looking as mellow oak. He had a breech-loader in one hand and a greasy rag in the other.

'Holloa, father!' cried he, boisterously.

'Well, John William, what are you doing?'

'Cleaning my gun. What have *you* been doing, that's more like it? What took you tramping into Melbourne the moment I got my back turned this morning?'

'Why, hasn't your mother told you?'

'Haven't seen her since I came in.'

'Well, but Arabella——'

'Arabella! I'm full up of Arabella,' said John William contemptuously; but the girl was still too deep in the *Family Cherub* to heed him. 'There's no getting a word out of Arabella when she's on the read; so what's it all about, father?'

'I'll tell you; but you'd better shut yon window, John

William, or I don't know what your mother 'll say when she comes in and finds the place full o' flies.'

It was the gun-room window that broke the law of no fresh air, causing Mr. Teesdale uneasiness until John William shut it with a grumble; for in this homestead the mistress was law-maker, and indeed master, with man-servant and maid-servant, husband and daughter, and a particularly headstrong son, after her own heart, all under her thumb together.

'Now then, father, what was it took you into Melbourne all of a sudden like that?'

'A letter by the English mail, from my old friend Mr. Oliver.'

'Never heard tell of him,' said John William, making spectacles of his burnished bores, and looking through them into the sunlight. Already he had lost interest.

Mr. Teesdale was also occupied, having taken from his pocket a very large red cotton handkerchief, with which he was wiping alternately the dust from his tall hat and the perspiration from the forehead whereon the hat had left a fiery rim. Now, however, he nodded his bald head and clicked his lips, as one who gives another up.

'Well, well! Never heard tell of him—you who've heard me tell of him time out o' mind! Nay, come; why, you're called after him yourself! Ay, we called you after John William Oliver because he was the best friend that ever we had in old Yorkshire or anywhere else; the very best; and you pretend you've never heard tell of him.'

'What had he got to say for himself?' said Mr. Oliver's namesake, with a final examination of the outside of his barrels.

'Plenty; he's sent one of his daughters out in the *Parramatta*, that got in with the mail yesterday afternoon; and of course he had given her an introduction to me.'

'What's that?' exclaimed John William, looking up sharply, as he ran over the words in his ear. 'I say, father, we don't want her here,' he added earnestly.

'Oh, did you find out where she was? Have you seen her? What is she like?' cried Arabella, jumping up from the table and joining the others with a face full of questions. She had that instant finished her chapter.

'I don't know what she's like; I didn't see her; I couldn't even find out where she was, though I tried at half a dozen hotels and both coffee-palaces,' said the farmer with a crestfallen air.

'All the better!' cried John William, grounding his gun with a bang. 'We don't want none of your stuck-up new chums or chumesses here, father.'

'I don't know that; for my part, I should love to have a chance of talking to an English young lady,' Arabella said, with a backward glance at her *Family Cherub*. 'They're very rich, the Olivers,' she added for her brother's benefit; 'that's their house in the gilt frame in the best parlour, the house with the tower; and the group in the frame to match, that is the Olivers, isn't it, father?'

'It is, my dear; that's to say, it was, some sixteen years ago. We must get yon group and see which one it is that has come out, and then I'll read you Mr. Oliver's letter, John William. If only he'd written a mail or two before the child started! However, if we've everything made snug for her to-night, I'll lay hands on her to-morrow if she's in Melbourne; and then she shall come out here for a month or two to start with, just to see how she likes it.'

'How d'ye know she'll want to come out here at all?' asked John William. 'Don't you believe it, father; she wouldn't care for it a little bit.'

'Not care for it? Not want to come out and make her home with her parents' old friends? Then she's not her father's daughter,' cried Mr. Teesdale indignantly; 'she's no child of our dear old friends. Why, it was Mr. Oliver who gave me the watch I—hush! Was that your mother calling?'

It was. 'David! David! Have you got back, David?' the harsh voice came crying through the lath-and-plaster walls.

Mr. Teesdale scuttled to the door. 'Yes, my dear, I've just got in. No, I'm not smoking. Where are you, then? In the spare room? All right, I'm coming, I'm coming.' And he was gone.

'Mother's putting the spare-room to rights already,' Arabella explained.

'I'm sorry to hear it; let's hope it won't be wanted.'

'Why, John William? It would be such fun to have a young lady from Home to stay with us!'

'I'm full up o' young ladies, and I'm just sick of the sound of Home. She'll be a deal too grand for us, and there won't be much fun in that. What's the use o' talking? If it was a son of this here old Oliver's it 'd be a different thing; we'd precious soon knock the nonsense out of him; I'd undertake to do it

myself; but a girl's different, and I jolly well hope she'll stop away. We don't want her here, I tell you. We haven't even invited her. It's a piece of cheek, is the whole thing!'

John William was in the parlour now, sitting on the horse-hair sofa, and laying down the law with freckled fist and blustering voice, as his habit was. It was a good-humoured sort of bluster, however, and indeed John William seldom opened his mouth without displaying his excellent downright nature in one good light or another. He had inherited his mother's qualities along with her sharp, decided features, which in the son were set off by a strong black beard and bristling moustache. He managed the farm, the men, Arabella, and his father; but all under Mrs. Teesdale, who managed him. Not that this masterful young man was so young in years as you might well suppose; neither John William nor Arabella was under thirty; but their lives had been so simple and so hard-working that, going by their conversation merely, you would have placed the two of them in their teens. For her part, too, Arabella looked much younger than she was, with her wholesome, attractive face and dreamy, inquisitive eyes; and as for the brother, he was but a boy with a beard, still primed with rude health and strength, and still loaded with all the assorted possibilities of budding manhood.

'I've taken down the group,' said Mr. Teesdale, returning with a large photograph in a gilt frame; 'and herè is the letter on the chimney-piece. We'll have a look at them both again.'

On the chimney-piece also were the old man's spectacles, which he proceeded to put on, and a tobacco jar and long clay pipe, at which he merely looked lovingly; for Mrs. Teesdale would have no smoking in the house. His own chair stood in the cosy corner between the window and the hearth; and he now proceeded to pull it up to his own place at the head of the table as though it were a meal-time, and that gilt-framed photograph the only dish. Certainly he sat down to it with an appetite never felt during the years it had hung in the unused, ornamental next room, without the least prospect of the Teesdales ever more seeing any member of that group in the flesh. But now that such a prospect was directly at hand, there was some sense in studying the old photograph. It was of eight persons: the parents, a grandparent, and five children. Three of the latter were little girls, in white stockings and hideous boots with low heels and elastic sides; and to the youngest of these three, a fair-haired child whose features, like those of the whole family,

were screwed up by a strong light and an exposure of the ancient length, Mr. Teesdale pointed with his finger-nail.

'That's the one,' said he. 'She now is a young lady of four or five and twenty.'

'Don't think much of her looks,' observed John William.

'Oh, you can't tell what she may be like from this,' Arabella said, justly. 'She may be beautiful now; besides, look how the sun must have been in her eyes, poor little thing! What's her name again, father?'

'Miriam, my dear.'

'Miriam! I call it a jolly name, don't you, Jack?'

'It's a beast of a name,' said John William.

'Stop while I read you a bit of the letter,' cried the old man, smiling indulgently. 'I won't give you all of it, but just this little bit at the end. He's been telling me that Miriam has her own ideas about things, has already seen something of the world, and isn't perhaps quite like the girls I may remember when we were both young men——'

'Didn't I tell you?' interrupted John William, banging the table with his big fist. 'She's stuck-up! We don't want her here.'

'But just hark how he ends up. I want you both to listen to these few lines:—"It may even be that she has formed habits and ways which were not the habits and ways of young girls in our day, and that you may like some of these no better than I do. Yet her heart, my dear Teesdale, is as pure and as innocent as her mother's was before her, and I know that my old friend will let no mere modern mannerisms prejudice him against my darling child, who is going so far from us all. It has been a rather sudden arrangement, and though the doctors ordered it, and Miriam can take care of herself as only the girls can nowadays, still I would never have parted with her had I not known of one tried friend to meet and welcome her at the other end. Keep her at your station, my dear Teesdale, as long as you can, for an open-air life is, I am convinced, what she wants above all things. If she should need money, an accident which may always happen, let her have whatever she wants, advising me of the amount immediately. I have told her to apply to you in such an extremity, which, however, I regard as very unlikely to occur. I have also provided her with a little note of introduction, with which she will find her way to you as soon as possible after landing. And into your kind old hands, and those of your warm-hearted wife, I cheerfully commend my girl, with the most affec-

tionate remembrances to you both, and only regretting that business will not allow me to come out with her and see you both once more." Then he finishes—calls himself my affectionate friend, same as when we were boys together. And it's two-and-thirty years since we said good-bye!' added Mr. Teesdale as he folded up the letter and put it away.

He pushed his spectacles on to his forehead, for they were dim, and sat gazing straight ahead, through the inner door that stood now wide open, and out of the gun-room window. This overlooked a sunburnt decline, finishing, perhaps a furlong from the house, at the crests of the river timber, that stood out of it like a hedge, by reason of the very deep cut made by the Yarra, where it formed the farm boundary on that side. And across the top of the window (to one sitting in Mr. Teesdale's place) was stretched, like a faded mauve ribbon, a strip of the distant Dandenong Ranges; and this and the timber were the favourite haunts of the old man's eyes, for thither they strayed of their own accord whenever his mind got absent elsewhere, as was continually happening, and had happened now.

'It's a beautiful letter!' exclaimed Arabella warmly.

'I like it, too,' John William admitted; 'but I shan't like the girl. That kind don't suit me at all; but I'll try to be civil to her on account of the old man, for his letter is right enough.'

Mr. Teesdale looked pleased, though he left his eyes where they were.

'Ay, ay, my dears, I thought you would like it. Ah, but all his letters are the same! Two-and-thirty years, and never a year without at least three letters from Mr. Oliver. He's a business man, and he always answers promptly. He's a rich man now, my dears, but he doesn't forget the early friends, not he, though they're at the other end of the earth, and as poor as he's rich.'

'Yet he doesn't seem to know how we're situated, for all that,' remarked John William thoughtfully. 'Look how he talks about our "station," and of your advancing money to the girl, as though we were rolling in it like him! Have you never told him our circumstances, father?'

At the question, Mr. Teesdale's eyes fell twenty miles, and rested guiltily upon the old green table-cloth.

'I doubt a station and a farm convey much the same thing in the old country,' he answered crookedly.

'That you may bet they do!' cried the son, with a laugh; but he went on delivering himself of the most discouraging

prophecies touching the case in point. The girl would come out with false ideas; would prove too fine by half for plain people like themselves; and at the best was certain to expect much more than they could possibly give her.

'Well, as to that,' said the farmer, who thought himself lucky to have escaped a scolding for never having told an old friend how poor he was—'as to that, we can but give her the best we've got, with mebbe a little extra here and there, such as we wouldn't have if we were by ourselves. The eggs 'll be fresh, at any rate, and I think that she 'll like her sheets, for your mother is getting out them 'at we brought with us from Home in '51. There was just two pairs, and she's had 'em laid by in lavender ever since. We can give her a good cup o' tea, an' all; and you can take her out 'possum-shooting, John William, and teach her how to ride. Yes, we'll make a regular bush-girl of her in a month, and send her back to Yorkshire the picture of health; though as yet I'm not very clear what's been the matter with her. But if she takes after her parents ever so little she 'll see that we're doing our best, and that 'll be good enough for any child of theirs.'

From such a shabby waistcoat pocket Mr. Teesdale took so handsome a gold watch, it was like a ring on a beggar's finger; and he fondled it between his worn hands, but without a word.

'Mr. Oliver gave you that watch, didn't he, father?' Arabella said, watching him.

'He did, my dear,' said the old man proudly. 'He came and saw us off at the Docks, and he gave me the watch on board, just as we were saying good-bye; and he gave your mother a gold brooch which neither of you have ever seen, for I've never known her wear it myself.'

Arabella said she had seen it.

'Now his watch,' continued Mr. Teesdale, 'has hardly ever left my pocket—save to go under my pillow—since he put it in my hands on July 3, 1851. Here's the date and our initials inside the case; but you've seen them before. Ay, but there are few who came out in '51—and stopped out—who have done as poorly as me. The day after we dropped anchor in Hobson's Bay there wasn't a living soul aboard our ship; captain, mates, passengers and crew, all gone to the diggings. Every man Jack but me! It was just before you were born, John William, and I wasn't going. It may have been a mistake, but the Lord knows best. To be sure, we had our hard times when the diggers were coming into Melbourne and shoeing their horses with gold, and

filling buckets with champagne, and standing by with a pannikin to make everybody drink that passed; if you wouldn't, you'd got to take off your coat and show why. I remember one of them offering me a hundred pounds for this very watch, and precious hard up I was, but I wouldn't take it, not I, though I didn't refuse a sovereign for telling him the time. Ay, sovereigns were the pennies of them days; not that I fingered many; but I never got so poor as to part with Mr. Oliver's watch, and you never must either, John William, when it's yours. Ay, ay,' chuckled Mr. Teesdale, as he snapped to the case and replaced the watch in his pocket, 'and it's gone like a book for over thirty years, with nothing worse than a cleaning the whole time.'

'You must mind and tell that to Miriam, father,' said Arabella, smiling.

'I must so. Ah, my dear, I shall have two daughters, not one, and you'll have a sister while Miriam is here.'

'That depends what Miriam is like,' said John William, getting up from the sofa with a laugh and going back idly to the little room and his cleaned gun.

'I know what she will be like,' said Arabella, placing the group in front of her on the table. 'She will be delicate and fair, and rather small; and I shall have to show her everything, and take tremendous care of her.'

'I wonder if she'll have her mother's hazel eyes and gentle voice?' mused the farmer aloud, with his eyes on their way back to the Dandenong Ranges. 'I should like her to take after her mother; she was one of the gentlest little women that ever I knew, was Mrs. Oliver, and I never clapped eyes—'

The speaker suddenly turned his head; there had been a step in the verandah, and some person had passed the window too quick for recognition.

'Who was that?' said Mr. Teesdale.

'I hardly saw,' said Arabella, pushing back her chair. 'It was a woman.'

'And now she's knocking! Run and see who it is, my dear.'

Arabella rose and ran. Then followed such an outcry in the passage that Mr. Teesdale rose also. He was on his legs in time to see the door flung wide open, and the excited eyes of Arabella reaching over the shoulder of the tall young woman whom she was pushing into the room.

'Here is Miriam,' she cried. 'Here's Miriam found her way out all by herself!'

CHAPTER II.

A BAD BEGINNING.

AT the sound of the voices outside, John William, for his part, had slipped behind the gun-room door; but he had the presence of mind not to shut it quite, and this enabled him to peer through the crack and take deliberate stock of the fair visitant.

She was a well-built young woman, with a bold, free carriage and a very daring smile. That was John William's first impression when he came to think of it in words a little later. His eyes then fastened upon her hair. The poor colour of her face and lips did not strike him at the time any more than the smudges under the merry eyes. The common stamp of the regular features never struck him at all, for of such matters old Mr. Teesdale himself was hardly a judge; but the girl's hair took John William's fancy on the spot. It was the most wonderful hair: red, and yet beautiful. There was plenty of it to be seen, too, for the straw hat that hid the rest had a backward tilt to it, while an exuberant fringe came down within an inch and a half of the light eyebrows. John William could have borne it lower still. He watched and listened with a smile upon his own hairy visage, of which he was totally unaware.

'So this is my old friend's daughter!' the farmer had cried out.

'And you're Mr. Scarsdale, are you?' answered the girl, between fits of intermittent, almost hysterical laughter.

'Eh? Yes, yes; I'm Mr. Teesdale, and this is my daughter Arabella. You are to be sisters, you two.'

The visitor turned to Arabella and gave her a sounding kiss upon the lips.

'And mayn't I have one too?' old Teesdale asked. 'I'm that glad to see you, my dear, and you know you're to look upon me like a father as long as you stay in Australia. Thank you, Miriam. Now I feel as if you'd been here a week already!'

Mr. Teesdale had received as prompt and as hearty a kiss as his daughter before him.

'Mrs. Teesdale is busy, but she'll come directly,' he went on to explain. 'Do you know what she's doing? She's getting your room ready, Miriam. We knew that you had landed, and I've

spent the whole day hunting for you in town. Just to think that you should have come out by yourself after all! But our John William was here a minute ago. John William, what are you doing?’

‘Cleaning my gun,’ said the young man, coming from behind his door, greasy rag in hand.

‘Nay, come! You finished that job long ago. Come and shake hands with Miriam. Look, here she is, safe and sound, and come out all by herself!’

‘I’m very glad to see you,’ said the son of the house advancing, dirty palms foremost, ‘but I’m sorry I can’t shake hands.’

‘Then I’d better kiss you too!’

She had taken a swinging step forward, and the red fringe was within a foot of his startled face, when she tossed back her head with a hearty laugh.

‘No, I think I won’t. You’re too old and you’re not old enough—see?’

‘John William ’ll be two-and-thirty come next June,’ said Mr. Teesdale gratuitously.

‘Yes? That’s ten years older than I am,’ answered the visitor with equal candour. ‘Exactly ten!’

‘Nay, come—not *exactly* ten,’ the old gentleman said, with a touch of gravity, for he was a great stickler for the literal truth; ‘only seven or eight, I understood from your father?’

The visitor coloured, then pouted, and then burst out laughing as she exclaimed, ‘You oughtn’t to be so particular about ladies’ ages! Surely two or three years is near enough, isn’t it? I’m ashamed of you, Mr. Teesdale; I really am!’ And David received such a glance that he became exceedingly ashamed of himself, but the smile that followed it warmed his old heart through and through, and reminded him, he thought, of Miriam’s mother.

Meantime, the younger Teesdale remained rooted to the spot where he had been very nearly kissed. He was still sufficiently abashed, but perhaps on that very account a plain speech came from him too.

‘You’re not like what I expected. No, I’m bothered if you are!’

‘Much worse?’ asked the girl, with a scared look.

‘No, much better. Ten thousands times better!’ cried the young man. Then his shyness overtook him, and, though he

joined in the general laughter, he ventured no further remarks. As to the laughter, the visitor's was the most infectious ever heard in the weather-board farmhouse. Arabella shook within the comfortable covering with which nature had upholstered her, and old David had to apply the large red handkerchief to his furrowed cheeks before he could give her the message to Mrs. Teesdale, for which there had not been a moment to spare out of the crowded minute or two which had elapsed since the visitor's unforeseen arrival.

'Go, my dear,' he said now, 'and tell your mother that Miriam is here. That's it. Mrs. T. will be with us directly, Miriam. Ah, I thought this photograph'd catch your eye sooner or later. You'll have seen it once or twice before, eh? Just once or twice, I'm thinking.' The group still lay on the table at Mr. Teesdale's end.

'Who are they?' asked the visitor, very carelessly; indeed, she had but given the photograph a glance, and that from a distance.

'Who? Why, yourselves; your own family. All the lot of you when you were little,' cried David, snatching up the picture and handing it across. 'We were just looking at it when you came, Miriam; and I made you out to be this one, look—this poor little thing with the sun in her eyes.'

The old man was pointing with his finger, the girl examining closely. Their heads were together. Suddenly she raised hers, looked him in the eyes, and burst out laughing.

'How clever you are!' she said. 'I'm not a bit like that now, now am I?'

She made him look well at her before answering. And in all his after knowledge of it, he never again saw quite so bold and *débonnaire* an expression upon that cool face framed in so much hot hair. But from a mistaken sense of politeness, Mr. Teesdale made a disingenuous answer after all, and the subject of conversation veered from the girl who had come out to Australia to those she had left behind her in the old country.

That conversation would recur to Mr. Teesdale in after days. It contained surprises for him at the time. Later, he ceased to wonder at what he had heard. Indeed, there was nothing wonderful in his having nourished quite a number of misconceptions concerning a family of whom he had set eyes on no member for upwards of thirty years. It was those misconceptions which the red-haired member of that family now removed.

They were all very natural in the circumstances. And yet, to give an instance, Mr. Teesdale was momentarily startled to ascertain that Mrs. Oliver had never been so well in her life as when her daughter sailed. He had understood from Mr. Oliver that his wife was in a very serious state with diabetes. When he now said so, the innocent remark made Miss Oliver to blush and bite her lips. Then she explained. Her mother had been threatened with the disease in question, but that was all. The real fact was, her father was morbidly anxious about her mother, and to such an extent that it appeared the anxiety amounted to mania.

She put it in her own way.

'Pa's mad on ma,' she said. 'You can't believe a word he says about her.'

Mr. Teesdale found this difficult to believe of his old friend, who seemed to him to write so sensibly about the matter. It made him look out of the gun-room window. Then he recollected that the girl herself lacked health, for which cause she had come abroad.

'And what was the matter with you, Miriam,' said he, 'for your father only says that the doctors recommended the voyage?'

'Oh, that's all he said, was it?'

'Yes, that's all.'

'And you want to know what was the matter with me, do you?'

'No, I was only wondering. It's no business of mine.'

'Oh, but I'll tell you. Bless your life, I'm not ashamed of it. It was late nights—it was late nights that was the matter with me.'

'Nay, come,' cried the farmer; yet, as he peered through his spectacles into the bright eyes sheltered by the fiery fringe, he surmised a deep-lying heaviness in the brain behind them; and he noticed now for the first time how pale a face they were set in, and how gray the marks were underneath them.

'The voyage hasn't done you much good, either,' he said. 'Why, you aren't even sunburnt.'

'No? Well, you see, I'm such a bad sailor. I spent all my time in the cabin, that's how it was.'

'Yet the *Argus* says you had such a good voyage?'

'Yes? I expect they always say that. It was a beast of a voyage, if you ask me, and quite as bad as late nights for you, though not nearly so nice.'

'Ah, well, we'll soon set you up, my dear. This is the place to make a good job of you, if ever there was one. But where

have you been staying since you landed, Miriam? It's upwards of twenty-four hours now.'

The guest smiled.

'Ah, that's tellings. With some people who came out with me—some swells that I knew in the West End, if you particularly want to know; not that I'm much nuts on 'em, either.'

'Don't you be inquisitive, father,' broke in John William from the sofa. It was his first remark since he had sat down.

'Well, perhaps I mustn't bother you with any more questions now,' said Mr. Teesdale to the girl; 'but I shall have a hundred to ask you later on. To think that you're Mr. Oliver's daughter after all! Ay, and I see a look of your mother and all now and then. They did well to send you out to us, and get you right away from them late hours and that nasty society—though here comes one that 'll want you to tell her all about that by-and-by.'

The person in question was Arabella, who had just re-entered.

'Society?' said she. 'My word, yes, I shall want you to tell me all about society, Miriam.'

'Do you hear that, Miriam?' said Mr. Teesdale after some moments. She had taken no notice.

'What's that? Oh yes, I heard; but I shan't tell anybody anything more unless you all stop calling me Miriam.'

This surprised them; it had the air of a sudden thought as suddenly spoken.

'But Miriam's your name,' said Arabella, laughing.

'Your father has never spoken of you as anything else,' remarked Mr. Teesdale.

'All the same, I'm not used to being called by it,' replied their visitor, who for the first time was exhibiting signs of confusion. 'I like people to call me what I'm accustomed to being called. You may say it's a pet name, but it's what I'm used to, and I like it best.'

'What is, missy?' said old Teesdale kindly; for the girl was staring absently at the opposite wall.

'Tell us, and we'll call you nothing else,' Arabella promised.

The girl suddenly swept her eyes from the wall to Mr. Teesdale's inquiring face. 'You said it just now,' she told him, with a nod and her brightest smile. 'You said it without knowing when you called me "Missy." That's what they always call me at home—Missy or the Miss. You pays your money and you takes your choice.'

'Then I choose Missy,' said Arabella. 'And now, father, I came with a message from my mother; she wants you to take Missy out into the verandah while we get the tea ready. She wasn't tidy enough to come and see you at once, Missy, but she sends you her love to go on with, and she hopes that you'll excuse her.'

'Of course she will,' answered Mr. Teesdale for the girl; 'but will you excuse me, Missy, if I bring my pipe out with me? I'm just wearying for a smoke.'

'Excuse you?' cried Missy, taking the old man's arm as she accompanied him to the door. 'Why, bless your life, I love a smoke myself.'

John William had jumped up to follow them; had hesitated; and was left behind.

'There!' said Arabella, turning a shocked face upon him the instant they were quite alone.

'She was joking,' said John William.

'I don't think it.'

'Then you must be a fool, Arabella. Of course she was only in fun.'

'But she said so many queer things; and oh, John William, she seems to me so queer altogether!'

'Well, what the deuce did you expect?' cried the other in a temper. 'Didn't her own father say that she was something out of the common? What do you know about it, anyway? What do you know about "modern mannerisms"? Didn't her own father let on that she had some? Even if she *did* smoke, I shouldn't be surprised or think anything of it; depend upon it they smoke in society, whether they do or they don't in your rotten *Family Cherub*. But she was only joking when she said that; and I never saw the like of you, Arabella, not to know a joke when you hear one.' And John William stamped away to his room; to reappear in a white shirt and his drab tweed suit, exactly as though he had been going into Melbourne for the day.

It was Mrs. Teesdale, perhaps, who put this measure into her son's head; for, as he quitted the parlour, she pushed past him to enter it, in the act of fastening the final buttons of her gray-stuff chapel-going bodice. 'Now, then, Arabella,' she cried sharply, 'let blind down and get them things off table.' And on to it, as she spoke, Mrs. Teesdale flung a clean white folded table-cloth which she had carried between elbow and ribs while busy buttoning her dress. As for Arabella, she obeyed each order instantly,

displaying an amount of bustling activity which only showed itself on occasions when her mother was particularly hot and irritable; the present was one.

Mrs. Teesdale was a tall, strong woman who at sixty struck one first of all with her strength, activity, and hard, solid pluck. Her courage and her hardness too were written in every wrinkle of a bloodless, weather-beaten face that must have been sharp and pointed even in girlhood; and those same dominant qualities shone continually in a pair of eyes like cold steel—the eyes of a woman who had never given in. The woman had not her husband's heart full of sympathy and affection for all but the very worst who came his way. She had neither his moderately good education, nor his immoderately ready and helping hand even for the worst. Least of all had she his simple but adequate sense of humour; of this quality and all its illuminating satellites Mrs. Teesdale was totally devoid. Yet, but for his wife, old David would probably have found himself facing his latter end in one or other of the Benevolent Asylums of that Colony; whereas with the wife's character inside the husband's skin, it is not improbable that the name of David Teesdale would have been known and honoured in the land where his days had been long indeed, but sadly unprofitable.

Arabella, then, who had inherited some of David's weak points, just as John William possessed his mother's strong ones, could work with the best of them when she liked and Mrs. Teesdale drove. In ten minutes the tea was ready; and it was a more elaborate tea than usual, for there was quince jam as well as honey, and, by great good luck, cold boiled ham in addition to hot boiled eggs. Last of all, John William, when he was ready, picked a posy of geraniums from the bed outside the gun-room outer door (which was invisible from the verandah, where David and the visitor could be heard chatting), and placed them in the centre of the clean table-cloth. Then Mrs. Teesdale drew up the blind; and a nice sight met their eyes.

Mr. Teesdale was discovered in earnest expostulation with the girl from England, who was smoking his pipe. She had jumped on to the wooden armchair upon which, a moment ago, she had no doubt been seated; now she was dancing upon it, slowly and rhythmically, from one foot to the other, and while holding the long clay well above the old man's reach, she kept puffing at it with such immense energy that the smoke hung in a cloud about her rakish fringe and wicked smile, under the verandah slates. A

smile flickered also across the entreating face of David Teesdale; and it was this his unpardonable show of taking the outrage in good part, that made away with the wife's modicum of self-control. Doubling a hard-working fist, she was on the point of knocking at the window with all the might that it would bear, when her wrist was held and the blind let down. And it was John William who faced her indignation with the firm front which she herself had given him.

'I am very sorry, mother,' said he quietly, 'but you are not going to make a scene.'

Such was the power of Mrs. Teesdale in her own home, she could scarcely credit her hearing. 'Not going to?' she cried, for the words had been tuned neither to question nor entreaty, but a command. 'Let go my hands this moment, sir!'

'Then don't knock,' said John William, complying; and there was never a knock; but the woman was blazing.

'How dare you?' she said; and indeed, man and boy, he had never dared so much before.

'You were going to make a scene,' said he, as kindly as ever; 'and though we didn't invite her, she is our guest—'

'You may be ashamed of yourself! I don't care who she is; she shan't smoke here.'

'She is also the daughter of your oldest friends; and hasn't her own father written to say she has ways and habits which the girls hadn't when you were one? Not that smoking's a habit of hers: not likely. I'll bet she's only done this for a lark. And you're to say nothing more about it, mother, do you see?'

'Draw up the blind,' said Mrs. Teesdale, speaking to her son as she had spoken to him all his life, but, for the first time, with-out confidence. 'Draw up the blind, and disobey me at your peril.'

'Then promise to say nothing about it to the girl.'

They eyed each other for a minute. In the end the mother said: 'To the girl? No, of course I won't say anything to her—unless it happens again.' It was not even happening when the blind was drawn up, and it never did happen again. But Mrs. Teesdale had given in, for once in her life, and to one of her own children. Moreover, there was an alien in the case, who was also a girl; and this was the beginning between these three.

CHAPTER III.

AU REVOIR.

It was not a very good beginning, and the first to feel that was John William himself. He felt it at tea. During the meal his mouth never opened, except on business; but his eyes made up for it.

He saw everything. He saw that his mother and Missy would never get on; he knew it the moment they kissed. There was no sounding smack that time. The visitor, for her part, seemed anxious to show that even she could be shy if she tried; and as for Mrs. Teesdale and her warm greeting, it was very badly done. The tone was peevish, and her son, for one, could hear between the words. 'You're our old friends' child,' he heard her saying in her heart, 'but I don't think I shall like you; for you've come without letting me know, you've smoked, and you've set my own son against me—already.' He was half sorry that he had checked, what is as necessary to some as the breath they draw, a little plain speaking at the outset. But sooner or later, about one thing or another, this was bound to come; and come it did.

'I can't think, Miriam,' said Mrs. Teesdale, 'how you came by that red hair o' yours! Your father's was very near black, and your mother's a light brown wi' a streak o' gold in it; but there wasn't a red hair in either o' their heads that *I* can remember.'

At this speech John William bit off an oath under his beard, while David looked miserably at his wife, and Arabella at their visitor, who first turned as red as her hair, and then burst into a fit of her merriest laughter.

'Well, I can't help it, can I?' cried she, with a good-nature that won two hearts, at any rate. 'I didn't choose my hair; it grew it's own colour—all I've got to do is to keep it on!'

'Yes, but it's that red!' exclaimed Mrs. Teesdale stolidly, while John William chuckled and looked less savage.

'Ah, you could light your old pipe at it,' said Missy to the farmer, making the chuckler laugh outright.

Not so Mr. Teesdale. 'My dear,' he said to his wife; 'my dear!'

'Well, but I could understand it, David, if her parents' hairs had any red in 'em. In the only photograph we have of you,

Miriam, which is that group there taken when you were all little, you look to have your mother's fair hair. I can't make it out.'

'No?' said Missy, sweetly. 'Then you didn't know that red always comes out light in a photograph?'

'Oh, I know nothing at all about that,' said Mrs. Teesdale, with the proper disregard for a lost point. 'Then have the others all got red hair too?'

'N—no, I'm the only one.'

'Well, that's a good thing, Miriam, I'm sure it is!'

'Nay, come, my dear, that'll do,' whispered David; while John William said loudly, to change the subject, 'You're not to call her Miriam, mother.'

'And why not, I wonder?'

'Because she's not used to it. She says they call her Missy at home; and we want to make her at home here, surely to goodness!'

Missy had smiled gratefully on John William and nodded confirmation of his statement to Mrs. Teesdale, who, however, shook her head.

'Ay, but I don't care for nicknames at all,' said she, without the shadow of a smile; 'I never did and I never shall, John William. So, Miriam, you'll have to put up with your proper name from me, for I'm too old to change. And I'm sure it's not an ugly one,' added the dour woman, less harshly. 'Is your cup off, Miriam?' she added to that; she did not mean to be quite as she was.

It was at this point, however, that the visitor asked Mr. Teesdale the time, and that Mr. Teesdale, with a sudden eloquence in his kind old eyes, showed her the watch which Mr. Oliver had given him; speaking most touchingly of her father's goodness, and kindness, and generosity, and of their lifelong friendship. Thus the long hand marked some minutes while the watch was still out before it appeared why Missy wanted to know the time. She then declared she must get back to Melbourne before dark, a statement which provoked some brisk opposition, notably on the part of Mr. Teesdale. But the girl showed commendable firmness. She would go back as she had come, by the six o'clock 'bus from the township. None of them, however, would hear of the 'bus, and John William waited until a compromise had been effected by her giving way on this point; then he went out to put-to.

This proved a business. The old mare had already made one

journey into Melbourne and back; and that was some nine miles each way. There was another buggy-horse, but it had to be run up from the paddock. Thus twenty minutes elapsed before John William led horse and trap round to the front of the house. He found the party he had left mildly arguing round the tea-table, now assembled on the grass below the red-brick verandah. They were arguing still, it seemed, and not quite so mildly. Missy was buttoning a yellow glove, the worse for wear, and she was standing like a rock, with her mouth shut tight. Mr. Teesdale had on his tall hat and his dust-coat, and the whip was once more in his hand; at the sight of him his son's heel went an inch into the ground.

'Only fancy!' cried the old man in explanation. 'She says she's not coming back to us any more. She doesn't want to come out and stay with us!' Arabella echoed the 'Only fancy!' while Mrs. Teesdale thought of the old folks who had been young when she was, and said decisively, 'But she'll have to.'

John William said nothing at all; but it was to him the visitor now looked appealingly.

'It isn't that I shouldn't like it—that isn't it at all—it's that *you* wouldn't like *me*! Oh, you don't know what I am. You don't, I tell you straight. I'm not fit to come and stay here—I should put you all about so—there's no saying what I shouldn't do. You can't think how glad I am to have seen you all. It's a jolly old place, and I shall be able to tell 'em all at home just what it's like. But you'd far better let me rest where I am—you—you—you really had.'

She had given way, not to tears, indeed, but to the slightly hysterical laughter which had characterised her entry into the parlour when John William was looking through the crack. Now she once more made her laughter loud, and it seemed particularly inconsequent. Yet here was a sign of irresolution which old David, as the wisest of the Teesdales, was the first to recognise. Moreover, her eyes were flying from the weather-board farmhouse to the river timber down the hill, from the soft cool grass to the peaceful sky, and from hay-stack to hen-yard, as though the whole simple scene were a temptation to her; and David saw this also.

'Nonsense,' said he firmly; and to the others, 'She'll come back and stay with us till she's tired of us—we'll never be tired of you, Missy. Ay, of course she will. You leave her to me, Mrs. T.'

'Then,' said Missy, snatching her eyes from their last fascination, a wattle-bush in bloom, 'will you take all the blame if I turn out a bad egg?'

'A what?' said Mrs. Teesdale.

'Of course we will,' cried her husband, turning a deaf ear to John William, who was trying to speak to him.

'You promise, all of you?'

'Of course we do,' answered the farmer again; but he had not answered John William.

'Then I'll come, and your blood be on your own heads.'

For a moment she stood smiling at them all in turn; and not a soul of them saw her next going without thinking of this one. The low sun struck full upon the heavy red fringe, and on the pale face and devil-may-care smile which it overhung just then. At the back of that smile there was a something which seemed to be coming up swiftly like a squall at sea; but only for one moment; the next, she had kissed the women, shaken hands with the young man, mounted into the buggy beside Mr. Teesdale, and the two of them were driving slowly down the slope.

'I think, John William,' said his mother, 'that you might have driven in this time, instead o' letting your father go twice.'

'Didn't I want to?' replied John William, in a bellow which made Missy turn her head at thirty yards. 'He was bent on going. He's the most pig-headed old man in the Colony. He wouldn't even answer me when I spoke to him about it just now.'

He turned on his heel, and mother and daughter were at last alone, and free to criticise.

'For a young lady fresh from England,' began the former, 'I must say I thought it was a shabby dress—didn't you?'

'Shabby isn't the word,' said Arabella; 'if you ask me, I call her whole style flashy—as flashy as it can stick.'

CHAPTER IV.

A MATTER OF TWENTY POUNDS.

'THIS is jolly!' exclaimed Missy, settling herself comfortably at the old man's side as she handed him back the reins. They had just jogged out of the lowest paddock, and Mr. Teesdale had been down to remove the slip-rails and to replace them after Missy had driven through.

'Very nicely done,' the farmer said, in his playful, kindly fashion. 'I see you've handled the ribbons before.'

'Never in my life!'

'Indeed? I should have thought that with all them horses and carriages every one of you would have learnt to ride and drive.'

'Yes, you would think so,' Missy said, after a pause; 'but in my case you'd think wrong. I can't bear horses, so I tell you straight. One flew at me when I was a little girl, and I've never gone near 'em since.'

'Flew at you!' exclaimed Mr. Teesdale. 'Nay, come!'

'Well, you know what I mean. I'd show you the bite——'

'Oh, it bit you? Now I see, now I see.'

'You saw all along!'

'No, it was such a funny way of putting it.'

'You knew what I meant,' persisted Missy. 'If you're going to make game of me, I'll get down and walk. Shall we be back in Melbourne by seven?'

Mr. Teesdale drew out his watch with a proud smile and a tender hand. He loved consulting it before anybody, but Missy's presence gave the act a special charm. He shook his head, however, in answer to her question.

'We'll not do it,' said he; 'it's ten past six already.'

'Then how long is it going to take us?'

'Well, not much under the hour; you see——'

A groan at his side made Mr. Teesdale look quickly round; and there was trouble under the heavy fringe.

'I *must* be there soon after seven!' cried the girl petulantly.

'Ay, but where, Missy? I'll do my best,' said David, snatching up the whip, 'if you'll tell me where it is you want to be.'

'It's the Bijou Theatre—I'm supposed to be there by seven—to meet the people I'm staying with, you know.'

David had begun to use the whip vigorously, but now he hesitated and looked pained. 'I am sorry to hear it's a theatre you want to get to,' said he gravely.

'Why, do you think them such sinks of iniquity—is that it?' asked the girl, laughing.

'I never was in a theatre in my life, Missy; I don't approve of them, my dear.'

'No more do I—no more do I! But when you're staying with people you can't always be your own boss, now can you?'

'You could with us, Missy.'

'Well, that's bully; but I can't with these folks. They're regular terrors for the theatre, the folks I'm staying with now, and I don't know what they'll say if I keep 'em waiting long. Think you can do it?'

'Not by seven; but I think we might get there between five and ten minutes past.'

'Thank God!'

Mr. Teesdale wrinkled his forehead, but said nothing. Evidently it was of the first importance that Missy should not keep her friends waiting. Of these people, however, she had already spoken so lightly that David was pleased to fancy her as not caring very much about them. He was pleased, not only because they took her to the theatre, but because he wanted no rival Australian friends for his old friend's child; the farm, if possible, must be her only home so long as she remained in the Colony. When, therefore, the girl herself confirmed his hopes the very next time she opened her mouth, the old man beamed with satisfaction.

'These folks I'm staying with,' said Missy—'I'm not what you call dead nuts on 'em, as I said before.'

'I'm glad to hear it,' chuckled David, 'because we want you all to ourselves, my dear.'

'So you think! Some day you'll be sorry you spoke.'

'Nonsense, child. What makes you talk such rubbish? You've got to come and make your home with us until you're tired of us, as I've told you already. Where is it they live, these friends of yours?'

'Where do they live?' repeated Missy. 'Oh, in Kew.'

'Ah—Kew.'

The name was spoken in a queer, noticeable tone, as of philosophic reflection. Then the farmer smiled and went on driving in silence; they were progressing at a good speed now. But Missy had looked up anxiously.

'What do you know about Kew?' said she.

'Not much,' replied David, with a laugh; 'only once upon a time I had a chance of buying it—and had the money too!'

'You had the money to buy Kew?'

'Yes, I had it. There was a man who took me on to a hill and showed me a hollow full of scrub and offered to get me the refusal of it for an old song. I had the money and all, as it happened, but I wasn't going to throw it away. The place looked a howling wilderness; but it is now the suburb of Kew.'

'Think of that. Aren't you sorry you didn't buy it?'

'Oh, it makes no difference.'

'But you'd be so rich if you had!'

'I should be a millionaire twice over,' said the farmer, complacently, as he removed his ruin of a top-hat to let in the breeze upon his venerable pate. Missy sat aghast at him.

'It makes me sick to think of it,' she exclaimed. 'I don't know what I couldn't do to you! If I'd been you I'd have cut my throat years ago. To think of the high old time you could have had!'

'I never had that much desire for a high old time,' said Mr. Teesdale with gentle exaltation.

'Haven't I, then, that's all!' cried his companion in considerable excitement. 'It makes a poor girl feel bad to hear you go on like that.'

'But you're not a poor girl.'

Missy was silenced.

'Yes, I am,' she said at last, with an air of resolution. It was not, however, until they were the better part of a mile nearer Melbourne.

'You are what?'

'A poor girl.'

'Nonsense, my dear. I wonder what your father would say if he heard you talk like that.'

'He's got nothing to do with it.'

'Not when he's worth thousands, Missy?'

'Not when he's thousands of miles away, Mr. Teesdale.'

Mr. Teesdale raised his wrinkled forehead and drove on. A look of mingled anxiety and pain aged him years in a minute. Soon the country roads were left behind, and the houses began closing up on either side of a very long and broad high road. It was ten minutes to seven by Mr. Teesdale's watch when he looked at it again. It was time for him to say the difficult thing which had occurred to him two or three miles back, and he said it in the gentlest tones imaginable from an old man of nearly seventy.

'Missy, my dear, is it possible' (so he put it) 'that you have run short of the needful?'

'It's a fact,' said Missy light-heartedly.

'But how, my dear, have you managed to do that?'

'How? Let's see. I gave a lot away—to a woman in the steerage—whose husband went and died at sea. He died of dropsy.

I nursed him, I did. Rather! I helped lay him out when he was dead. But don't go telling anybody—please.'

Mr. Teesdale had shuddered uncontrollably; now, however, he shifted the reins to his right hand in order to pat Missy with his left.

'You're a noble girl. You are that! Yet it's only what I should have expected of their child. I might ha' known you'd be a noble girl.'

'But you won't tell anybody?'

'Not if you'd rather I didn't. That proves your nobility! About how much would you like, my dear, to go on with?'

'Oh, twenty pounds.'

Mr. Teesdale drew the breeze in through the broken ranks of his teeth.

'Wouldn't—wouldn't ten do, my dear?'

'Ten? Let's think. No, I don't think I could do with a penny less than twenty. You see, a wave came into the cabin and spoilt all my things. I want everything new.'

'But I understood you had such a good voyage, Missy?'

'Not from me you didn't! Besides, it was my own fault: I gone and left the window open, and in came a sea. Didn't the captain kick up a shine! But I told him it was worse for me than for him; and look at the old duds I've got to go about in all because! Why, I look quite common—I know I do. No; I must have new before I come out to stay at the farm.'

'I'm sure our Arabella dresses simple,' the farmer was beginning; but Missy cut him short, and there was a spot of anger on each of her pale cheeks as she broke out:

'But this ain't simple—it's common! I had to borrow the most of it. All my things were spoilt. I can't get a new rig-out for less than twenty pounds, and without everything new——'

'Nay, come!' cried old David, in some trouble. 'Of course I'll let you have anything you want—I have your father's instructions to do so. But—but there are difficulties. It's difficult at this moment. You see the banks are closed, and—and——'

'Oh, don't you be in any hurry. Send it when you can; then I'll get the things and come out afterwards. Why, here we are at Lonsdale Street!'

'But I want you to come out soon. How long would it take you to get everything?'

'To-day's Thursday. If I had it to-morrow I could come out on Monday.'

'Then you shall have it to-morrow,' said David, closing his lips firmly. 'Though the banks are closed, there's the man we send our milk to, and he owes me a lump more than twenty pound. I'll go to him now and get the twenty from him, or I'll know the reason why! Yes, and I'll post it to you before I go back home and all! What address must I send it to, Missy?'

'What address? Oh, to the General Post Office. I don't want the folks I am staying with to know. They offered to lend me, and I wouldn't. Will you stop, please?'

'Quite right, my dear, quite right. I was the one to come to. You'll find it at the——'

'Do you mind stopping?'

'Why, we're not there yet. We're not even in Bourke Street.'

'No, but *please* stop here.'

'Very well. Here we are, then, and it's only six past. But why not drive right on to the theatre—that's what I want to know?'

Missy hesitated, and hesitated, until she saw the old man peering into her face through the darkness that seemed to have fallen during the last five minutes. Then she dropped her eyes. They had pulled up alongside the deep-cut channel between road-metal and curb-stone, whereby you shall remember the streets of Melbourne. Nobody appeared to be taking any notice of them.

'I see,' said David very gently. 'And I don't wonder at it. No, Missy, it's not at all the sort of turn-out for your friends to see you in. Jump down, my dear, and I'll just drive alongside to see that nothing happens you. But I won't seem to know you, Missy—I won't seem to know you!'

Lower and lower, as the old man spoke, the girl had been hanging her head; until now he could see nothing of her face on account of her fringe; when suddenly she raised it and kissed his cheek. She was out of the buggy next moment.

She walked at a great rate, but David kept up with her by trotting his horse, and they exchanged signals the whole way. Close to the theatre she beckoned to him to pull up again. He did so, and she came to the wheel with one of her queer, inscrutable smiles.

'How do you know,' said she, 'that I'm Miriam Oliver at all?'

The rays from a gas-lamp cut between their faces as she looked him full in the eyes.

'Why, of course you are!'

'But how do you *know*?'

'Nay, come, what a question! What makes you ask it, Missy?'

'Because I've given you no proof. I brought an introduction with me and I went and forgot to give it to you. However, here it is, so you may as well put it in your pipe and smoke it.'

She took some letters out of her pocket as she spoke, and shifted the top one to the bottom until she came to an envelope that had never been through the post. This she handed up to David, who recognised his old friend's writing, which indeed had caught his eye on most of the other envelopes, also. And when she had put these back in her pocket she held out her dirty-gloved hand.

'So long,' she said. 'You won't know me when I turn up on Monday.'

'Stop!' cried David. 'You must let me know when to send the buggy for you, and where to. It'll never do to have you coming out in the 'bus again.'

'Right you are. I'll let you know. So long again—and see here. I think you're the sweetest and trustingest old man in the world!'

She was far ahead, this time, before the buggy was under way again.

'Naturally,' chuckled David, following her hair through the crowd. 'I should hope so, indeed, when it's a child of John William Oliver, and one that you can love for her own sake an' all! But what made her look so sorry when she gave me the kiss? And what's this? Nay, come, I must have made a mistake!'

He had flattered himself that his eyes never left the portals where they had lost sight of the red hair, and when he got up to it what should it be but the STAGE DOOR? The words were painted over it as plain as that. The mistake might be Missy's; but a little waiting by the curb convinced Mr. Teesdale that it was his own; for Missy never came back, as he argued she must have done if she really had gone in at the stage door.

(*To be continued.*)

At the Sign of the Ship.

I AM sorry that I ever, in gaiety of heart, leaped into the controversy about Bricked-up Nuns. After reading quantities of letters and pamphlets on the subject, and writing a long screed thereanent, it has occurred to me that the topic may bore readers of the *Ship*. I have therefore cut down the result of my researches to the quick. Let me first confess my own sins, and then those of other people. I was wrong when I said that Mr. Haggard had traced a body of a nun from her hole in the wall to the museum in Mexico. My impression was erroneous. Again, Mr. Britten and Father Thurston, S.J., did not, as I supposed, aver that there were Virgins of the Sun in pre-Christian Mexico. A modern Christian historian, however, is cited as alleging the existence of a similar Aztec order. *Peccavi. Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa!*

* . *

As to the body in the museum at Mexico, Mr. Haggard assuredly saw a body, and assuredly was informed that it was the corpse of a bricked-up nun. On the other hand, a friend of Father Thurston's avers that the director of the Museum alleges that the body (or bodies) in the Museum was taken out of a common cemetery, to illustrate the desiccatory qualities of the climate. From *El Tempo* of March 6, a Catholic paper published in Mexico, I gather that this authority, Señor Agreda, is *not* 'director of the Museum,' but librarian, and he writes a letter in which he denies that the corpse is that of a nun. Personally, I place all confidence in Señor Agreda; but, if a museum has no catalogue, visitors are at the mercy of any chance informant. These things are not as they should be; but, relying on Señor Agreda, I, for one, renounce that corpse as no corpse of a nun immured. Meanwhile, in a volume of Protestant verse called *The City of the Seven Hills* (no date), Dr. Guinness illustrates, by a woodcut from a photograph, his assertion that he saw these bodies (*not* the bodies now on view) in the Mexican Museum, and that they were taken thither from a wall in a building which once

belonged to the Inquisition. There are other allegations of the same kind about these or other very awful-looking corpses. The names of Dr. Butler, Dr. Rule, and Mr. Ludlow are mentioned as names of authorities on the subject. Till information about these corpses, information at first hand, is received from these or other authentic sources, we may remain in a balance of opinion as to whether relics of unholy aspect, and connected with a gruesome tale, lately were in the museum at Mexico. I do not propose to conduct this inquiry. Meanwhile, Mr. Haggard may have been imposed on by a local myth; but the terms in which Father Thurston spoke of his statement do not appear, to myself, to be such as a judiciously courteous disputant would use. Nobody, I hope, would be disappointed by proof that human beings never were bricked up alive by any religious or secular authority. Assuredly a myth to that effect might arise from various innocent causes. But, as a mere matter of evidence, one does want to know what these horrible figures in Dr. Guinness's book really were. In the darkling mazes of the discussion it seems to be alleged that these bodies, or some of them, were lately removed to the United States. If so, it will be difficult to trace them and their history, whereof I hope that I have now said my last word. I dispute nobody's veracity—no doubt all are honourable men; but there is either a fact or a misconception at the bottom of all this. The fact ought to be ascertained, or the myth should be followed to its special source. Meanwhile Father Thurston may reflect that no valuable result can be attained in a hurry.

* * *

There remains, unluckily, a practical point. In a journal called the *Rock* (March 9) I read that a Rev. W. Lancelot Holland lectured lately on immured nuns. He 'dwelt on' Mr. Haggard's footnote. Now, Mr. Haggard had freely admitted that he 'was in error when he believed the evidence of history to prove that nuns who had broken their vows had been immured in the walls of convents. This opinion I arrived at too hastily,' he wrote; and he has come to the conclusion that 'there is no proof that so barbarous a punishment was ever enforced, at any rate in this country.' If Mr. Holland did not know this, he should have known it, and if he knew it . . . it is needless to say more about Mr. Holland, who actually still harps on Scott's legend in *Marmion*. Scott followed an unauthenticated tradition, with many other writers. In the days of *Marmion* nobody seems to

have troubled himself as to whether the story was true or not. So many abominable things were certainly done in the Middle Ages that a trifle of this kind attracted no attention. But I wonder if Lag ever really dropped a small boy over a linn because he had, or would give, no information about Covenanters? Mr. Crockett says so in *The Raiders*, that highly satisfactory and picturesque romance. Colonel Ferguson does not mention the circumstance, I think, in his *Laird of Lag*, and, if it ever really happened, it is odd that the historians of the sufferings of the Kirk did not blazon it abroad. I fancy it is a Galloway myth; at all events, it is a Galloway tradition.

* * *

The things which people do not know frequently astonish persons of culture. But the things which some people *do* know are yet more amazing. For example, a writer in a weekly paper informs the world that The Black Douglas, Edward I., Robert Bruce, and Sir William Wallace were all *alumni* of the University of St. Andrews! That Edward I. was educated in Scotland is a proposition which might stagger any man not a professional reviewer. That Edward met his future foes, Wallace, Bruce, and Douglas, at college is a pleasingly dramatic though neglected circumstance. And that they were all at an university which was not founded till long after Wallace was chopped up, and Bruce's heart was tossed among the Paynim, and Edward's skeleton was dust, and Douglas had fallen in war, is a fact which delights the educational reformer. It is like a recent assertion that Charles First of England was probably poisoned by the Jesuits, an hypothesis which may be useful to the Rev. Lancelot Holland when next he goes a-lecturing to Protestants. This is what education is doing—it is producing critics, public writers, who are ignorant and inventive beyond the powers of the very stupidest little schoolboy.

* * *

Could we not have a system of elementary examinations for reviewers like this wondrous critic, who is probably a fair example of his species? One might test them in Miss Braddon's novels, which are rich in general learning of an inexpensive quality. One might set a few questions to persons ambitious of becoming reviewers:—

1. What was the sex of Montezuma?
2. Who were Conrad, Manfred, Cain, The Giaour, Lara?

3. Saint Simon. Mention any circumstances in the life of this Saint.

4. Charlotte Corday, Agnes Sorel, Jeanne d'Arc, Madame de Montespan, Godiva, Fair Rosamond, Lady Nithsdale—who were they? Give any dates which may occur to your memory.

5. 'He could not stick a hunting-knife and a brace of revolvers in his leathern belt, take up his breechloading rifle, and go out into the backwoods of an uncivilised country, to turn sheep-breeder, and hold his own against a race of agricultural savages.'

Discuss this theory of sheep-breeding. In what uncivilised country do 'backwoods' afford suitable pasturage? Where are agricultural savages to be met with?

6. 'A world in which men wore enamelled shirt-studs with portraits of La Montespan or La Dubarry.'

Where was this world, and when?

* *

The last two questions are rather difficult, and perhaps we could not pluck a reviewer for not being able to answer them. But I do feel that the ordinary reviewer should be put through some kind of test before he is allowed to make himself abjectly ridiculous in public, and perhaps acquaintance with a percentage of Miss Braddon's historical allusions is as fair a test as we can set, for *Mangnall's Questions* would be far too severe.

* *

One or two indignant correspondents, referring to some recent remarks made here on Byron's poems, say that the poet is unfairly quoted. He did not always write quite such nonsense as I cited. Very likely not. I cited him from the passages selected as peculiarly lucid and magnificent by his reviewer in the *Quarterly*. These were the lines which the critic chose out for applause, the lines which he thought transparent and adorable. They were nonsense, they did not admit of being construed, but sometimes, once or twice, the nonsense had been imported, like owls to Athens, by the admirer. The rest was the poet's own invention.

* *

Talking about examinations, a little work lies before me which professes to exist 'for examination purposes' only. Why mention its name? The author, like the famous organist, is doubtless 'doing his best': he has tried 'to extract the pith and essence of history.' His is a kind of tinned intellectual food. What one wishes to know is, Do candidates feed solely on this pith, or is

the work a mere reminder of what they have learned in some more human and agreeable way? Beginning with George II., we have, first, a 'tip' five lines from Mr. Green. I might prefer, as characteristic of George II.—

The fire shall get both hat and wig,
As often they've got a' that,

and a 'tip' from Thackeray. Later we come to Captain Jenkins and his ear, 'which he said that the Spaniards had cut off with taunts at the English king.' These must indeed have been cutting taunts. What I decline to believe is that Charles Edward, having entered Edinburgh in 1745, 'was proclaimed King as James VIII.' How on earth could Prince Charles be James VIII.? Candidates for Sandhurst and Woolwich will be plucked if they offer the examiners pith and essence of nonsense like this. Again, Charles did not 'evade Cope'; Cope evaded him, moving north and east from Corryarraick, after the Prince had expected to dispute the crown of the causeway with him there. 'Before I put off my brogues I shall have fought Mr. Cope,' said H.R.H.

* * *

We seldom have history from the young girl's point of view. Here is an example of it in song.

A LAY OF THE COVENANT.

O solemn League an' Covenant
That twined my love an' me,
O wearie League an' Covenant
For which he had to dee,
Would ye were writ on Solway Sand,
Where breaks the Solway Sea!

My Willie was as swank a chield
As dwelt in Gallowa';
He flang the quoit, he putt the stane,
The surest o' them a';
His voice was blithe as mornin' lark's
When spring winds saftly blaw.

But Peden, grim an' holy man,
Cam' round him wi' the Word,
An' changed his lilt's o' mirthfu' love
To sangs afore the Lord;
Till that his hand forsook the plough
An' grasped the nakit sword!

AT THE SIGN OF THE SHIP.

His feet, wi' mine that led the dance
 At gloamin' on the green,
 Now trod by muirlan' ways an' tarns
 Where troopers ne'er had been,
 To where the Covenanters hid
 'Mang misty hills unseen.

Ae day—O dark an' dowie day!
 The evil Laird o' Lag
 Fell on them where the Cree rins wild
 Beside the Martyrs' Crag,
 An' Willie's life was ta'en beneath
 His blue an' bonnie flag!

His mither gaes, as she was wont,
 Amang her hens an' kye;
 His father bears his form erect,
 His face is calm an' high—
 They look toward a meetin' time
 That canna but be nigh.

But I am young an' stout o' limb,
 My breath is deep an' free;
 There's mony a lonely mile to gae
 Or I at rest can be.
 O wearie League an' Covenant
 That wrought this dule for me!

NIMMO CHRISTIE.

* * *

I had hoped to publish here a very spirited song of English admirals. Alas! 'tis gone. Neither the poem nor the author's name and address can be recovered, after a mournful search among papers. These hunts for a lost poem by someone else are among our bitterest experiences. 'Tis mere cruelty to authors to lose their lays; but when an unhappy person is travelling about from angling inn to angling inn papers will go astray. If the poet sees these lines, perhaps he will accept my excuses and send another copy of the ballad of the admirals. Turning despatch-boxes upside down has not shaken it out of any unsuspected crevice. The process, however, revealed a lost letter from a correspondent, containing a ghost story. This tale, I hope, will hit the *Spectator* with both barrels, for it is both psychical and a story about a dog. Granting the facts, a ghost has as much of a permanent conscious self, after death, as anybody. I happen to

know a story exactly parallel, on the authority of a well-known author, a lady, now dead. But the corroborative evidence of another dog was absent in her tale, in which the lady heard, and her sister in a neighbouring bedroom saw, a defunct hound. Neither anecdote, as far as I can give them, is 'evidential,' for my authority is dead, and I presume that the initials in the story which follows are not the actual initials of the persons concerned.

'DEAR SIR' (says my correspondent),—'Having read your article on Diana's dogs in the *Illustrated London News*, I send you the following extract from my journal, in case it may interest you, bearing on a similar subject—the ghost of a dog. The occurrence was written down soon after it was told me by one of the actors in it—M., as I will call him. He is a medical man and rather sceptical, especially of such matters.

"Extract:—M. told us of another experience in G.'s company. These two and B. were sitting at the Commissioner's house. (S. had had an old dog which, being too stricken in years, G. had taken down to X., had poisoned and buried.) While the three were sitting talking, about half-past ten, they heard a dog coming up the stairs. M., who recognised the shuffle of the old beast and the shake of his collar, and who did not know he was dead, said, 'Hullo! there's Jack coming up!' The noise came into the room and stopped at the fireplace, and—what made them all take particular notice of the occurrence—B.'s terrier pup, which was lying in his lap, jumped on the floor, every bristle on end, and snarled and snapped at the ghostly dog on the fireplace. M. said that had he not seen that he would have thought nothing of it."

* * *

In this anecdote, shall we say that all is explained by 'expectant attention'? A correspondent in Florida writes to say that when hunting, and separated from his hounds, in soundless woods, he has often followed quite imaginary music of the chase, and has later learned, from a friend with the pack, that they never gave tongue at all. Expectation alone begat the apparent noise. Now, grant that M., not knowing Jack was dead, *expected* to hear his shuffle on the stair, some perhaps actual sound starts his belief that old Jack is coming up. Granting 'thought transference,' he may convey his impression to his friends. But could he convey it to the dog, and make him bristle up? Of course we do not know—we do not even know that an impression can be conveyed to human beings in this way. But M.

also *spoke*, and it is quite conceivable that his words carried a hallucinatory effect to the other gentlemen. But how about the dog? One gets more second-sight stories than salmon by the banks of the river under my window. They are certainly curious, but leave one unconvinced, especially when the 'vision' conveys quite useless information about the future. Thus a keeper, in the dusk, at the kennels, sees a man with an obliterated face. Months after a drowned man is washed ashore, his face obliterated by crabs and fish, and the corpse is laid in the kennel. One gets plenty of tales like that, and others of simple 'telepathy,' and one gets them everywhere. In the second-sight class, someone sees and hears an occurrence before it occurs. This, of course, sounds like rank nonsense, unless we suppose that time is a mere convenient figment, and that everything is really simultaneous. And then, what becomes of free will? How am I to believe that when I breakfast I am also dining and writing and sleeping, that I am dead as well as alive? But, if not, how can second-sight be explained? Let us call it a favourite superstition of the Highlanders, which is true, and commits us to nothing. One is not only 'far from conviction,' like Dr. Johnson, but, unlike him, not 'ready to be convinced.' One can quite believe that A. thinks he sees a stranger, B., and that B. later comes along. A. may be dreaming, or fanciful. But A. hears a curious noise of carts, and of men actively disputing, where there are no carts or men, and, weeks after, the occurrence (arising out of a fatal accident) happens at the same place. What possible rare law of Nature can one invent to account for this recurrent Highland experience? None, except Campbell's law, 'coming events cast their shadows' (and sounds) 'before.' And that is only a poetical simile. However, I repeat, on the — River second-sight is at least as common as substantial salmon this spring. One would prefer a clean-run fish to any number of faceless wraiths, but we must be content with what we can get. And we can get a man plucked from among his friends on a road by fairies, and deposited on the roof of a remote church. Luckily, it was Saturday night, and the congregation took the victim down in the morning. Do these events happen near all salmon rivers, or only on those where I cast the unavailing Blue Doctor? And it is oh for a cloud! but the heavens are as brass, and the waters as crystal. In such circumstances fairies are apt to appear in legend.

A. LANG,

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